
KNIGHT LETTER

The Lewis Carroll Society of North America



Winter 2010

Volume II Issue 15

Number 85

Knight Letter is the official magazine of the Lewis Carroll Society of North America.
It is published twice a year and is distributed free to all members.
Editorial correspondence should be sent to the Editor in Chief at
mahendra373@hotmail.com.

SUBMISSIONS

Submissions for *The Rectory Umbrella* and *Mischmasch*
should be sent to mahendra373@hotmail.com.

Submissions and suggestions for *Serendipity* and *Sic Sic Sic*
should be sent to andrewogus@mindspring.com.

Submissions and suggestions for *From Our Far-Flung Correspondents*
should be sent to FarFlungKnight@gmail.com.

© 2010 The Lewis Carroll Society of North America

ISSN 0193-886X

Sarah Adams-Kiddy, Editor in Chief
Mahendra Singh, Editor, *The Rectory Umbrella*
Sarah Adams-Kiddy & Ray Kiddy, Editors, *Mischmasch*
James Welsch & Rachel Eley, Editors, *From Our Far-Flung Correspondents*
Mark Burstein, Production Editor
Andrew H. Ogus, Designer



THE LEWIS CARROLL SOCIETY OF NORTH AMERICA

President:

Mark Burstein, wrabbit@worldpassage.net

Vice-President:

Cindy Watter, hedgehogccw@sbcglobal.net

Secretary:

Clare Imholtz, imholtz99@atlantech.net

www.LewisCarroll.org

Annual membership dues are U.S. \$35 (regular),
\$50 (international), and \$100 (sustaining).

Subscriptions, correspondence, and inquiries should be addressed to:
Clare Imholtz, LCSNA Secretary
11935 Beltsville Dr.
Beltsville, Maryland 20705

Additional Contributors to This Issue

Barbara Adams, Ruth Berman, Angelica Carpenter, Bonnie Hagerman,
Alan Tannenbaum, Cindy Watter

On the cover: Secret Garden, digital collage by Adriana Peliano. See page 21.



CONTENTS

THE RECTORY UMBRELLA

<i>Live from Lincoln Center</i>	1
MARK BURSTEIN	
<i>Meeting Mr. Dodgson</i>	5
ANDREW SELLON	
<i>Contemporary Sylvie and Bruno Reviews: A Further Concatenation</i>	11
CLARE IMHOLTZ	
<i>Alice Under Skies</i>	17
CHRIS MATHESON	
<i>A Carrollian in Brazil: Adraina Peliano, Part One</i>	21
ANDREW SELLON & MAHENDRA SINGH	
<i>Am I Blue?</i>	27
MARK BURSTEIN	

MISCHMASCH

<i>Leaves from the Deanery Garden—Sic, Sic, Sic Serendipity —Ravings from the Writing Desk</i>	31
What's a Snark?	35
MARK JARMON	
<i>Lewis Carroll Tests Out Jabberwocky</i>	36
JENN THORSON	

CARROLLIAN NOTES

<i>The Antipathies, I Think—</i>	38
LESTER R. DICKEY	
<i>Alice Speaks</i>	38
DAVID SCHAEFER	
<i>Guildford: A Lewis Carroll Society Study Weekend</i>	40
AUGUST A. IMHOLTZ, JR.	
<i>The Oxford Experience: Edward Wakeling at Christ Church</i>	43
ANN BUKI	

OF BOOKS AND THINGS

<i>Evermore Everson's Everytype!</i>	45
MARK BURSTEIN	
<i>Keith Shepard's Wonderland Revisited, and the Games Alice Played There</i>	46
SARAH ADAMS-KIDDY	
<i>J. T. Holden's Alice in Verse: The Lost Rhymes of Wonderland</i>	46
HAYLEY RUSHING	
<i>Mahendra Singh's The Hunting of the Snark</i>	47
STEPHANIE LOVETT	
<i>C. M. Rubin's The Real Alice in Wonderland</i>	48
RAY KIDDY	
<i>Nancy Wiley's Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	48
RAY KIDDY	
<i>Katherine Neville's "En Passant"</i>	49
AUGUST IMHOLTZ, JR.	
<i>Jan Susina's The Place of Lewis Carroll in Children's Literature</i>	49
CLARE IMHOLTZ	
<i>Maxim Mitrofanov's Alisa v Zazerkale</i>	51
AUGUST A. IMHOLTZ, JR.	
<i>Gavin O'Keefe's Through the Looking-Glass</i>	51
ANDREW OGUS	
<i>11th Hour Ensemble's Alice</i>	51
JAMES WELSCH	

FROM OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

<i>Art & Illustration—Articles & Academia Books—Cyberspace—Events, Exhibits, & Places Movies & Television—Performing Arts—Things</i>	53
--	----



This issue takes us all over the world . . . from Brazil, where we interview Adriana Peliano, artist and president of the Sociedade Lewis Carroll do Brasil, to England, where Ann Buki describes Edward Wakeling's class and August Imholtz, Jr., reports on LCS (UK) activities in Guildford, to Russia for a review of a new version of *Through the Looking-Glass* illustrated by Maxim Mitrofanov and, finally, Lester Dickey's article takes us to the Antipathies!

Next, Andrew Sellon expands the talk he gave at the fall meeting to explain how he grew up with Lewis Carroll, rediscovered him in acting school, and ultimately became the president of the LCSNA. This is the first in what we hope will be an ongoing series of articles written by members about how they first discovered or were introduced to the works of Lewis Carroll. Do you have a story you'd like to share?

We also have for you "Alice Under Skies," Chris Matheson's thoughts on *Looking-Glass*, a companion to his article on *Wonderland*, "Lewis Carroll: The King of Comedy," in our previous issue. Two short fiction pieces, "What's a Snark?" and "Lewis Carroll Tests Out 'Jabberwocky'" come to us from Mark Jarmon and Jenn Thorson, respectively. Clare Imholtz provides us with further *Sylvie and Bruno* reviews, and David Schaefer adds to our knowledge of *Alice* filmography

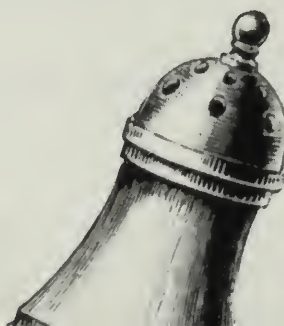
with "Alice Speaks."

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of this issue is that for the first time we have color pictures! New LCSNA president Mark Burstein's article "Am I Blue?" discusses the changing colors of Alice's dress in various early editions of *Wonderland*. While we did consider sending each member a box of crayons with which to fill in the colors (but only after we'd realized that the *Knight Letter* staff just didn't have time to watercolor every issue, sorry!), we finally settled on having our printer include a small color section. Please do let us know if you like it!

On a personal note, having taken on the editor-in-chief position last issue, I must temporarily hand it off again. As some of you already know, Ray and I are expecting Tweedles, I mean twins, in February. Fortunately, the capable hands of Mahendra Singh, editor of the Rectory Umbrella section and *Snark* illustrator extraordinaire, are available, and our excellent staff of Andrew Ogus, Mark Burstein, James Welch, and Rachel Eley, as well as our miscellany of reviewers and Far-Flung contributors, are there to back him up. But this team can always use a little extra help, if you'd like to volunteer.

Like the Cheshire Cat, I will return when you least expect it, but for now, I disappear, leaving only a grin.

SARAH ADAMS-KIDDY





THE RECTORY UMBRELLA

Live from Lincoln Center

MARK BURSTEIN

Our fabulous Fall 2010 meeting in New York City began in the traditional manner. Here is that story, in the words of Mary Schaefer:

"The Maxine Schaefer Memorial Children's Reading was held Friday morning, November 5, at the Earth School on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Twenty-five fourth- and fifth-grade students and their teachers were present, as were several LCSNA members who were not directly involved in the reading, but whose presence and participation are always a big plus. Patt Griffin did the reading (the tea party). The kids loved it—and they loved Patt's rendition! All of them were familiar with *Alice* in movie or book form, and a couple of them brought along copies that had belonged to their grandparents or parents. A question-and-answer period followed the reading, and the questions were many and varied. (So Alice was a real person? That was interesting news! And how about Mr. Dodgson, who had two names! When did this take place?) It was a fun reading for all of us."

For the main meeting on Saturday, Dr. Edward Guiliano, a former president of our Society who is now the president and CEO of the New York Institute of Technology, kindly provided us with the perfect meeting space, located within their Lincoln Center campus. The technology, as one might expect, was first-rate, with a number of wall-mounted video flatscreens in flawless synch with the main one for our presentations.

After being introduced by our president, Andrew Sellon, Edward first welcomed the audience of around 70, which included eight former or current LCSNA presidents, Morton Cohen, and other luminaries. The NYIT has about 15,000 students, representing 106 countries, with about half grad and half undergrads. It is a "global university," with other campuses in Canada, China, and the Middle East.

Edward's talk was entitled "Greetings, and a Few Wise Words about Martin Gardner." Dr. Guiliano feels that there were three pivotal events that accounted for our presence there—a certain boat ride on July 4, 1862; the publication of *The Annotated Alice* in 1960, which garnered academic acceptance of Carroll studies; and the founding of the LCSNA in 1974. Martin Gardner was fully or partially responsible for two of the three.

Edward is a renowned expert on Victorian literature, and he first regaled us with tales of what was read back in those days, such as the bestselling, voluminous *The Last of the Mortimers* by Mrs. Oliphant or Mary Elizabeth Braddon's sensationalistic *Lady Audley's Secret*. Both are now forgotten, but they were long considered suitable subjects for academic study, an honor not accorded Mr. Carroll's works until 1964 (!)—and only then thanks to the work of Martin Gardner. Edward described meeting Martin at the first LCSNA gathering in 1974 and several other meetings over the

next five years, working with him a bit on *Lewis Carroll Observed*, and working together more substantively on *The Wasp in a Wig*. Guiliano's tale of the discovery of the manuscript and its purchase from Sotheby's by Norman Armour was fascinating. Armour bought it as an investment and didn't want to see it published—as he thought that would diminish its value! Edward's account of the negotiations between Clark(son) Potter and the Dodgson estate, in the person of Philip Dodgson Jaques, over copyright issues, made it clear that only by Martin's intervention and support (and

his eventual Introduction to the volume) were things resolved to everyone's satisfaction.

Edward's talk will be the basis for his contribution to *A Bouquet for the Gardner*, a Festschrift and collection of reminiscences that is slated to be published by the LCS-NA and the LCS(U.K.) next year. Its editor, the present writer, then said a few more



Edward Guiliano

words on that subject.

Our second speaker was the enormously talented, Toronto-based artist Oleg Lipchenko. His spectacular illustrations to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* won the coveted Elizabeth Mrazik-Cleaver Award last year, and he spoke about his current project in a talk entitled "Butcher in the Ruff: Rendering the *Snark* (A Work in Progress)." He said that for hired illustrators, "ignorance of the text" is one of the familiar publishing customs. However, contrary to that philosophy, he actually first *read* the *Snark* in the equivalent of a plain text version, one with illustrations that had "nothing to do with the text." Lipchenko feels that "a dream is still a dream even if retold with a scientific tongue." The poem's meaning is, of course, obscure, with many possible interpretations, none particularly more truthful than the others: "the game of Could Be." Oleg thought of the Bellman as God, moving in mysterious ways, his intentions inscrutable (and hence he was given Dalí's mustache). His Banker is a bewhiskered nineteenth-century capitalist; the Barrister is gowned and bewigged, drawn from life; the Broker a "young man in spats"; Boots a mysterious Wild West villain. He speculated that the poem's line "the ominous words 'It's a Boo—'" could also be completed as "It's a Boo . . . ts" or "It's a Boo . . . tcher." We very much look forward to seeing his



Oleg Lipchenko

completed rendition in print. He has kindly given us a preview; see inside back cover.

Adam Gopnik, the famed *New Yorker* writer and essayist (*Paris to the Moon*) last honored us with his witty presence in 2006, when he discussed his introduction to Martin Gardner's new edition of *The Annotated Snark*. Here he gave us "Looking-Glass and Broken Mirror: Honoring the Spirit of Lewis Carroll." His far-reaching mind took in a spectacularly wide variety of topics, to say the least: nineteenth-century polar expeditions (the *Snark* of discovering the North Pole, the *Boojum* of the Great White Winter); his discovery as a child of S. W. Erdnase's 1902 close-up magic "bible," *The Expert at the Card Table*, and the revelation in a pulp magazine in 1949 of its (purported) true author in an article by . . . Martin Gardner; how *The Annotated Alice* grew "viral" and "infected other literature," including the Beatles' "Cry Baby Cry" and "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds"; Nabokov's use of a chess puzzle in *Invitation of a Beulah*; Calling Disney's 1951 film "the work of the devil, which should be quarantined from humankind" due to its "saccharine betrayal," Gopnik also decried the recent "surrealist/sentimental, *bad* reading" film by Tim Burton with its "sublimation of sex."

Carroll, he said, must be seen as a comic writer, a post-Renaissance poet of a realm that Gopnik calls "a marvelous that knows itself as myth," the formal investigation of a "rule-bound imaginary world" that is celebrated in two domains: children's literature and the usually dystopian science-fiction. "Comic" does not mean just funny; it is the "vernacular of rationality." Gopnik uses the term "comic" in an academic, structural sense: initially one finds the realm in order, it is disrupted by an outside force ("common sense sent dancing"), and in the end they are reconciled, a construction that appears in everything from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to episodes of *Seinfeld*. Citing works as seemingly diverse as *Babar*, *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler*, *The Wind in the Willows*, and *Mary Poppins*, he called the *Alice* books their "tonic note, basis, genesis, and exodus."

Citing the work of his sister, Alison Gopnik, an expert in cognitive and language development and the author of *The Scientist in the Crib: What Early Learning Tells Us About the Mind* and "The Real Reason Children Love Fantasy" on Slate.com, he noted that what Alice tested in Wonderland was "not normal order, but consciousness." Her courage and common sense were on trial, and she ended up with a new appreciation for her own talents. "We genuinely have more consciousness, curiosity, and are more aware as children than we are ever again."

Speaking of the limits of pure reason, Gopnik noted that in the course of Dodgson's stay at Oxford, the intellectual life of the university was changed more profoundly than ever before or since. Beginning as a finishing school for clergymen, Oxford during these years saw an infusion of German philo-

sophical idealism and the need for pure research that led to an enormous turnabout in priorities. Alice poked fun at the follies of the “wise,” meeting characters who were “dysfunctional intellectuals” spouting chains of abstract reasoning, letting the mind go as it will. Gopnik concluded with a reading from his new novel,



Photo by Alan Tannenbaum

Adam Gopnik

The Steps Across the Water, in which a young girl, Rose, finds herself in a topsy-turvy, looking-glass world called U Nork.

A break and feeding frenzy followed, with *Alice* films showing on the flat screen televisions in the main hall, while just outside it Messrs. Gopnik and Lipchenko signed their books: Adam his *The Steps Across the Water* (which he kindly arranged to have available for sale and signing two weeks prior to the book's release!) and Oleg his *Wonderland* and his new *Humpty Dumpty and Friends*. A total of five books by four of our speakers were available to attendees at a discount, and all book sales were expertly handled by NYIT's internal Barnes & Noble bookseller Shawn Wiggins, and his amiable staff.

Next up was Jenny Woolf, author of *Lewis Carroll in His Own Account: The Complete Bank Account of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson* (2005) and a recent biography, *The Mystery of Lewis Carroll: Discovering the Whimsical, Thoughtful, and Sometimes Lonely Man Who Created Alice in Wonderland*, who gave a talk entitled “Viewing Lewis Carroll as a Real Person.” She said her main ambition in writing it was to give a picture of Charles Dodgson as a person *in the context of his time* and, to a lesser degree, to counter the “unsatisfactory biographies in which ideas were presented as fact”—for example, did Alice Liddell really have a “gentle nature”? Could Dodgson be thought of as a foster father? (she already had a perfectly good one). Woolf believes that many of these books were “pictures of biographers’ agendas, but not of Dodgson the human being”; there was no need for them to fill in gaps with pure conjecture.

Ms. Woolf gave a fine example of cultural context: Suppose a nineteenth-century gentleman were to walk into this very meeting; he would be scandalized! Free fraternizing among men and women who had not been properly introduced, the women wearing skirts showing their legs, some above the knees: clearly these were prostitutes gearing up for an orgy! Similarly, we can be shocked by something they took for granted, such as the artistic depiction of naked children. It's all relative.

She described Dodgson as a “complex personage

with a tendency to joke about difficult things and who loved to ‘perform’ for children and intimates.” There are certainly dark and disturbing moments in the *Alice* books; his genius was in transforming feelings such as these into entertainment. She spoke of the time around the composition of the *Snark*, when he was nursing his nephew and godson, Charlie Wilcox, who was suffering from tuberculosis. Jenny speculated that a “crew of eight” (Dodgson, his six sisters, and his nephew) in search of the ineffable may have been the inspiration for the poem, pointing out that TB creates *agony*, and comes in *fits* and starts, leaving its victim to softly and suddenly vanish away.

Woolf then discussed the time around the composition of *Looking-Glass*. It was written in a colder, more isolated time, when a warm audience of children existed only in his imagination. It was a sad time for Carroll: he had lost contact with the Liddells, and his beloved father had died in 1868. The family had to leave Croft-on-Tees, and Dodgson was now responsible for his ten siblings.

She discussed other aspects of his personality: For instance, was he a control freak or laid-back? She said there was an “element of caricature in his fussiness,” and called him “a bit of a blonde.” From her breakthrough studies of his bank accounts, she noted both carelessness and meticulousness, with lots of red ink. He was uninsured, not the “reliable old codger” we sometimes assume him to be but a “careless, emotional man who kept himself in order by rules and regulations.” Jenny then read excerpts from his letter to Mrs. Liddell on the occasion of the dean's retirement, suggesting that it had a “tongue-in-cheek quality” that is often overlooked.

She reminded us that Dodgson was “realistic, raised on a farm, had a practical medical library, and never shrank away from the physical.” As a child, he was “clever to the point of being devious,” but was offered moral guidance by his family. His sense of personal identity was very much tied in to his family, especially his father's delight in his children (unusual for the time). In conclusion, Woolf felt Dodgson was “complex, individualistic, with a need to entertain, to be involved. He was lucky in life, free of tribulation, a happy and successful human being; boxing him into his conventional, dreary role is a disservice.”

Next, “The Real Alice Liddell: A Conversation with Pictures” took the form of an interview, with Andrew Sellon taking the moderator's stance and the



Photo by Alan Tannenbaum

Jenny Woolf

delightful Cathy Rubin, author of *The Real Alice in Wonderland: A Role Model for the Ages*, as the subject. Describing herself as a “distant relative,” she first talked about her youthful tea parties with her great-aunt Phil, a child of Lionel, Alice Liddell’s brother, as well as with Mary-Jean St. Clair (Alice’s granddaughter) and Mary-Jean’s daughter, Vanessa St. Clair, all of whom were “part of the fabric of her [Cathy’s] life.” Inspired in part by the 2001 Sotheby’s auction (KL 66:16), she and her daughter Gabriella traveled to Oxford, where they were given a personal tour by the Dean of Christ Church. Cathy treated us to a slide show of these events, and of July 4th “Alice Day”s in both Oxford and Lyndhurst.

Photo by Alan Tannenbaum



Cathy Rubin

Mrs. Rubin noted that, contrary to popular myth, Mrs. Hargreaves celebrated having been the original Alice. She owned a total of 370 copies of the book, half of which were sent to her by Dodgson, and many of which she signed “Alice in Wonder-

land.” Alice Hargreaves was a humanitarian, a muse, and, primarily, an artist, a visual thinker: hence Cathy and Gabriella’s highly illustrated book, which Cathy called “documentary storytelling,” incorporating the taste and look of Victorian England. Her many stories about its composition—including how Annie Leibovitz was inspired by Dodgson’s being a photographer, how she and Gabriella found a period designer to recreate the dress Alice wore to her wedding at Westminster Abbey, and the curse of the Cuffnells fireplace—were all warmly and generously spliced with anecdotes about the artists, auctioneers, and collectors she met along the way.

Our second feeding frenzy featured book signings by Mmes. Rubin and Woolf, as well as by Mahendra

Singh, signing his delightful, just published *Snark* (see review on page 47).

The chairman of the nominating committee, August A. Imholtz, Jr., next ascended the podium to present the slate for officers for the next two years (incumbents are asterisked):

President: Mark Burstein

Vice-President: Cindy Watter*

Secretary: Clare Imholtz*

Treasurer: Fran Abeles*

Elected Directors: Matt Demakos,* Ellie Schaefer-Salins,* Germaine Weaver, James Welsch

(Anyone curious about the difference between the governing board, the advisory board, and the directors is referred to our Constitution, which is under “About Us” on our website and was most recently published in KL 52:6.)

The slate was elected by acclamation. The new president took the stand to say a few words, thanking Andrew for his outstanding service, and managing to slip in a reference to his beloved San Francisco Giants, who had just won the World Series earlier in the week. He reintroduced August, who presented Andrew with a lovely fountain pen and a bottle of ink (purple, of course) as tokens of our gratitude.

“Meeting Mr. Dodgson: One Carrollian’s Journey,” which followed, was Andrew Sellon’s warm, very witty, and occasionally poignant account of his life as an actor and how he came to be a Carrollian. Fortunately for us, his talk immediately follows this article, so is not recapped here.

A fine dinner at the nearby Josephina restaurant was followed by a convivial after-party at Janet Jurist’s. The next day many of us found ourselves on strange, convoluted journeys trying to reach airports despite the New York City Marathon, which effectively shut down the East Side of Manhattan—as if New York (or were we actually in U Nork?) needed any further chaos. Happily, we had new books and heads full of new ideas to pass the time.

Rhymes With Orange Hilary B. Price



Meeting Mr. Dodgson

ANDREW SELLON

While I've been a member of this Society for many years now, it occurs to me that very few of you know much of anything about me. In this age of social networking and business transparency, I feel it my duty to point out that, for all you know, for the last four years you left the Society in the hands of a smiling avatar that masks a raving lunatic. While you were all cheerfully reading your issues of the *Knight Letter*, I might have been quietly draining the coffers and taking private jets to clandestine tea parties at the Binsey Well. Well in, indeed! Now, many of you do know that I'm a professional actor. You all have some idea of the romance of being an actor, I suppose. It's very exciting. Just a few days before our fall meeting, I was one of many middle-aged actors called in to audition for the role of a nerdy accountant whose life is transformed by drinking a certain brand of orange juice. Each of us auditioning was told to show up in mismatched clothing, and when we arrived, we were covered with plastic kisses and asked to make faces shamelessly for the camera. I'm so glad I invested in an MFA. Anyway, with true looking-glass logic, it occurs to me that now that my presidency is over, it's time we met properly. There are too many of you out there for me to travel around the globe to say "How d'ye do," and shake hands in person, but we'll consider that done. And please do keep in mind: Once we've been formally introduced, you can't eat me.

So first of all, what *have* I been doing the past four years? I've done a lot of the Maxine Schaefer readings. I've done Q&A talkbacks after performances of Carroll-themed plays, and I recently gave the keynote lecture for a Carrollian symposium at Saint Peter's College English Club. I've negotiated and rewritten hotel contracts, lobbied for meeting spaces (aided by Janet Jurist and the gang), charmed potential speak-

ers with smiles and soap, and haggled with restaurants about what we want to eat, what we *don't* want to eat, and what we're willing to *pay*. I've arranged for book signings, and membership and meeting mementos, and other things that begin with an "m." I've answered lots of questions

on a mind-boggling array of Carroll-related topics, some of them really out there. I'm still puzzling over the request for us to file an *amicus* brief on behalf of an artist in California who makes art installations out of junked cars, because, according to the requestor, "Lewis Carroll also wasn't appreciated until much later." Thanks for writing, and good luck with those wrecks. I mean artworks. I also provided an expert answer on the origin of the word "snark" (guess who) to the good folks at *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*, but I don't know if they ever stumped anyone with the answer. And of course, I've done countless interviews over the past four years, including

a bumper crop leading up to the Tim Burton film. I've been quoted, paraphrased, and in that great journalistic tradition, misquoted.

One question has come up time after time (aside from the relentless bleat of the great unread: "Was Lewis Carroll really a drug-addled pedophile?"). Simply put: *How did I get here?* How did I fall down the figurative rabbit-hole and end up a Lewis Carroll fan, and president of this organization? Reporters evidently felt my personal experience would be a "way in" for their readers. Or perhaps they were hoping I'd produce a scandalous back story that would blow their



Andrew Sellon as Lewis Carroll in *Through the Looking-Glass Darkly*

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein

readers away and make *them* overnight rock stars. No such luck. But it occurs to me that sharing my story may prompt you all to look back on, and perhaps in future share, your own stories, possibly for the *Knight Letter* and our website (more on this soon). I urge you to share your story, most especially with the generations that follow us, since they're the ones who will need to carry the banner for Mr. Dodgson and for literacy after we've all softly and suddenly vanished away. So yes, I'm freely confessing an ulterior motive here. As you'll learn, my association with the Carroll Society has been fraught with ulterior motives, a massive conspiracy, and a truly insidious cover-up. Now, at long last, I will unmask the people behind it all.

"Begin at the beginning . . ." Hmmm. Do you remember your first exposure to the *Alice* books? I have no idea. I remember having the little Disney Golden Books in hardcover, well-thumbed by my three older siblings. I also recall having an old vinyl LP of performers reading segments of *Wonderland* to classical music themes. I did a quick search on our global cultural archive (also known as eBay), and of course pulled up a copy of the *Talespinners* LP, which I promptly bought in a fit of sheer nostalgia. I remember thinking as a child that the cover was *very* adult and trippy. I would listen to that LP over and over with the volume turned up, mouthing the words, and feeling as though I *was* Alice. Gender has never really been a bother for me. I was unquestionably *in* *Wonderland*, because the sound of it was all around me. So *my* first sense of being in *Wonderland* actually may have been an auditory one. But as to when I first sat down and *read* (or had read to me) the two original books, I draw a perfect and absolute blank.

That part of my background hardly qualified me for the presidency of the LCSNA. I'm just another one of the millions for whom the *Alice* books and characters seem to have always been present, as if we were all born with a deluxe two-volume slipcased edition beside our bassinets. As a side note: I also don't remember when I first encountered *The Hunting of the Snark*, I just remember it was love at first reading. To this day I remain puzzled as to it isn't as widely known and loved as the *Alices*. Must be that less-than-happy ending. I imagine that if Disney and/or Tim Burton made a film of it, the landscape would change. In this existentially inclined age, perhaps the Snark's

hour has come 'round at last, and even as I speak, it's slouching toward Hollywood, a star waiting to be born. Oleg Lipchenko and Mahendra Singh are certainly doing their part to promote it.

So, what was it about the man himself? Why did I go looking for him, and how did that lead to my becoming president? My parents were good about teaching me the importance of reeling and writhing, and respect for authors, so I was aware early on that some magician named Lewis Carroll wrote my favorite books. (I was also aware that the Disney studio couldn't spell very well.) Anyway, I knew that Lewis Carroll had been at Oxford, and that it was a pen name, and all

the other basic information and/or misinformation and myth that we all first absorb about Mr. Dodgson without even trying.

But maybe it's appropriate that *acting* is what led me to meet the man himself and to be writing this now. I've been on stage regularly since the age of fourteen, when I played the role of Malvolio in our high school's production of *Twelfth Night*. I'm not counting my actu-

Photograph courtesy of Rick Lake



Andrew Sellon as Humpty-Dumpty in *Looking-Glass!*

al stage debut: a single performance of an original play in my sister's friend's basement when I was about 9; I appeared for one scene as a little girl suspected of her father's murder. My sister and her friend couldn't find anyone to play the role, and I campaigned mightily for it, saying I didn't care about wearing the dress, I just wanted to be onstage. I haven't changed. Over 30-plus years, I've been onstage in and out of some very bizarre costumes, including that of a three-headed mouse prince, a unicorn, and a certain irritable egg—both of the latter in member Rick Lake's musical *Looking-Glass!* at Harvard (with music by Michael Levine). But at some point in my career, after I'd graduated from Harvard and had been landing some non-union acting work around the country, I realized I needed some formal *training*. So at the rather late age of 30, I auditioned for graduate acting programs, never suspecting that I was, in fact, actually going down the rabbit-hole.

At most of the grad school auditions I attended, I was viewed as something of an anomaly, or to be

more blunt, a fossil; I remember waiting at Juilliard beside another hopeful, a fresh-faced 17-year-old who had come directly from her cheerleading practice. I landed in a demanding three-year master's degree program down at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, a place where they thought being out in the world a few years was actually a *good* credential for graduate studies. Imagine. At the end of my second year, just before summer break, we were assigned our "senior project" for the coming year. We had to write, direct, design, and perform a one-person show on our choice of topic. A couple of my classmates went into complete panic mode. I was actually excited; I had written a number of plays and musicals over the years, including a Hasty Pudding show at Harvard. And although I hadn't read the *Alice* books in some time, I knew *immediately* that I wanted to spend my summer vacation with the man behind the name "Lewis Carroll."

I discovered that the UNC libraries had a frabjous selection of scholarly Carroll books. I walked into my favorite used bookstore on Chapel Hill's Franklin Street, and found a copy of Morton Cohen's two-volume *Letters of Lewis Carroll*, a copy of Stuart Dodgson Collingwood's biography (I mean, what were the chances?), and the Dover paperback of Helmut Gernsheim's *Lewis Carroll, Photographer*. Photography is my hobby, too, so I was blown away to discover this additional connection between myself and Mr. Dodgson. It just seemed like fate. I contacted the Ackland Art Museum on campus and learned that they had coincidentally just acquired their first Dodgson photograph, an image titled "Xie Kitchen Seated in a Turner's Chair." To my astonishment, the kind curator invited me over to see the photograph, even though it was not yet officially on display. When I arrived for my appointment, she conducted me to a conference room. She noted that I shouldn't touch the image, but invited me to take as long as I wanted viewing it, and said she thought I might want to have time with it alone. I walked into the old room with its elegant moldings and endless white bookshelves. At the other end of a long, polished mahogany table was a single photograph placed on a small easel. It wasn't under glass or anything. It was just sitting there. And I was alone with it. If the windows in that room had been the kind you could open, this might have been a crime story. As it was, I contented myself with viewing the image. It was remarkable: crisp, specific, intriguing—and smelly. To my astonishment, as I leaned in for a closer look, I recognized the unmistakable aroma of darkroom chemicals! If you've ever printed photographs by hand, you know that smell. I think I stopped breathing for a moment. It was as if the image had just come from the darkroom, as if the photographer himself might be just on the other side of the door working on another print and

might come through, shirtsleeves rolled up to the elbows, brandishing another still-damp print with a pair of wooden tongs. I don't remember how long I was there; I know I was immensely grateful, reluctant to leave, and somehow converted in some way. I felt that I had come very close to meeting the man himself.

That summer, the more I read about Mr. Dodgson, the more fascinated I became. Especially by the contradictions! Those were theatrical *gold*. A complex portrait of a man was beginning to appear before me, a man about whom it seemed many nonsensical things had been said and written, at least given the *facts* available. Then one day I was in the hallway between grad school classes, and a big, black crow flew overhead: A couple of the students a year behind me asked whom I'd chosen as the subject of my play. I told them that I was having a wonderful time exploring the life of Lewis Carroll. One of them, whom I will call Barbara (because that's her name), was an outspoken feminist with a hair-trigger sense of moral outrage. She immediately said, "How could you write a play about him? You know what he was, what he did? How could you write a play about that pervert?" I said to her: "I'm writing this play in part because I think he deserves a fair hearing. How much do you know about his life, really?" She admitted she knew nothing. "Then how can you be so sure of what he did or didn't do?" She's a very bright woman; I had her there. I said: "Wait and see my play. Then you can decide."

In the course of my questing, I came across an organization called the Lewis Carroll Society of North America. This was back in 1992, so somehow I found out about the group without the aid of the now-ubiquitous Internet. It must have involved pieces of paper and stamps, or telephones, or something else terribly antiquated. I also learned that the Society's then-president, Charlie Lovett, lived in nearby Winston-Salem. Again, it seemed like fate. But one of the incongruities of my being an actor is that I had a very traditional, Harold Pinter-esque New England upbringing, and I'm actually a very private person. I have simply never been good about getting out there and networking. But I was sure that this Charlie Lovett person must have some crucial guidance to offer, must know it all. So, I summoned up all my nerve and wrote a letter to explain my project and ask what resources I should be consulting. I received a charming, chatty, handwritten note back from Stephanie Lovett, decorated with Carrollian rubber stamp images. I collect rubber stamps. Again, fate was whispering in my ear. It seemed that they actually had a massive world-class collection in their *home*. Stephanie said I should just plan to come and have a look. In fact, she added, there was so much to look at that I'd probably better plan to come visit them on a weekend and spend the night.

I'm from Boston; I simply wasn't prepared for this. My first thought was: How do they know I'm not

an axe murderer? My second thought was: Maybe they're axe murderers. I mean, maybe this "society" of theirs was a cover for some kind of poetry-spouting sacrificial cult or something! My mind really does work that way—ask my long-suffering partner, Tim Sheahan. But in her reply, Stephanie had mentioned having herbal tea together. I collect rubber stamps. I drink herbal tea. I decided to risk it, even if their cups might say "Drink Me." I descended on Winston-Salem. I have no idea what they must have thought of me, and I hope they won't tell me or anyone else now! But to say that I was bowled over by their generosity and kindness would be to grossly understate the matter. Charlie showed me so many books, so many wonderful objects, including a camera just like the one Mr. Dodgson used. I had herbal tea with Stephanie, and we compared rubber stamp collections. I was in some new kind of Wonderland, with adults every bit as odd as me, eager to discuss and delight in the world of Lewis Carroll over a cup of chamomile tea. These people were fans, like me. I left there feeling as if I'd just had a crash course in Charles Dodgson, and that I'd made two new friends. And not for a *minute* did I suspect their ulterior motive, their utterly subversive agenda. Or that they were not working alone.

Back at school, I wrote and rewrote my little one-act play, piecing together Mr. Dodgson's own words from all the various sources to tell the story of the extraordinary relationship between a young Oxford don and his even younger muse, and of the social constraints that shaped it. That winter, when the five of us in my graduate class presented our solo shows at the old PlayMakers theatre, Charlie and Stephanie were in the audience. The play was very well received, and Charlie and Stephanie couldn't have been more supportive and encouraging. That meant a lot, because I figured they *knew*. My fellow grad student Barbara was there, too, of course. She came up to me after the performance and said simply: "You were right. I'm sorry; I didn't know anything." I felt as if somehow Mr. Dodgson and I had both been vindicated in the face of a young, latter-day Mrs. Grundy. I also felt that maybe my play had a positive impact on the people who saw it.

After grad school, I moved back to New York City, and stayed in touch with Charlie and Stephanie. I was invited to attend LCSNA meetings, and I did so when they were held in Manhattan. Again, I never for a *moment* heard the secret cogs and wheels churning under the surface the whole time, never felt the invisible net that was slowly and inexorably tightening around me. Naive fellow that I was, I was content to meet cool people like Morton Cohen, Hugues Lebailly, Nina Demurova, Linda Sunshine, and Robert Sabuda, and just enjoy the ride. In 1995, I performed a slightly altered version of my play for the Society in a school-room at Columbia University. To this day, I regret that

I was not able to stay and talk about it with members afterward. I *really* wanted to hear feedback from the experts, but fate in that case was not kind. My childhood best friend, Walter Hughes, had just died of AIDS at the age of 34, and I had to take a cab from that performance directly down to his memorial service in midtown. I had so looked forward to giving that play for a room full of Carrollians, but when the day came, I had a very hard time getting through the performance. In 2003, with help from Tim and my friend Elizabeth London, and with your collective indulgence, I presented a full-length, three-actor script on the same theme, but with a lot more content than the original one-act, trying to give equal weight to the *after-Alice* years. But while we're all glad Dodgson had a nice time at the beach, it seems it's the Alice years and the Alice connection that still hold the magic for audiences. That's where the drama is. I'm still tinkering in my head, and after doing a production of the play *I Am My Own Wife*, in which I played 35 different characters of both sexes from all over the world in two hours, I've decided to go back and write a full-length solo version of my Carroll play, maybe in time for 2012 or 2015.

In 1998, I went to the Carroll Centenary week at Oxford, and found myself meeting amazing people like Edward Wakeling, Selwyn Goodacre, Mark and Catherine Richards, Anne Clarke Amor, Alan White, artist Adriana Peliano, and, well, the list is almost endless. That week-long conference was incredible. We all learned a lot. We stayed in Oxford rooms. We ate in the Great Hall every day, long before Harry Potter did. I also made a visit out to the nearby town of Bladon to visit artist Graham Piggott and his wife Corri. I had loved the bust of Mr. Dodgson that the Society commissioned Graham to make for presentation to Morton Cohen (trivia fans may remember that I appeared as Lewis Carroll to honor Morton at that meeting). I had written ahead and asked Graham to make one for me. Of course, despite the fragility of his porcelain works, I ended up going home with more than one sculpture. And on a later trip, I went back for more. So before I knew it, I was not only a scholar in training, I was becoming a collector as well. Like a cheerful Mephistopheles, Charlie Lovett reappeared around that time, and sold me a first edition *Looking-Glass and Snark*. The net was tightening again, and I was now officially ensnared—or is that ensnarked?

I went to more Society meetings and found the members to be helpful, clear-eyed, opinionated, and fun. August and Clare Imholtz were always there, ready with good ideas. Janet Jurist always had a few wise and supportive words for me—and still does. Patt Griffin Miller always got me smiling, and between us we've ended up doing most of the readings for the Maxine Schaefer Memorial Outreach program. I can't say enough about that program. If you haven't yet come

with us to one of the classrooms, seen and heard Carroll's words work their magic all over again for a new generation, and listened to the children's remarkable questions and comments afterward, then you owe it to yourself to go to the next one you possibly can. It will do your heart good. Not to put too fine a point on it, the pundits who say, "The *Alice* books weren't really written for children" have their heads up their well-read posteriors. My favorite child question so far came from our Aurora, IL visit, when an eight-year-old boy wondered aloud: "But if the Cheshire Cat can make himself invisible, how do we know he's not watching Alice the whole time?" Doctoral students, start your engines.

Somewhere along the way, I was invited to join the Society's Board. I guess in those days I was still considered "young blood." I had never been on a board of anything; I imagined people in dark suits at a very long table with a well-sharpened pencil and small white Dixie cup in front of each seat—sort of a corporate mad tea party. But I agreed, and dutifully went to the board meetings. I've said I'm a private person, but if you *ask* me to give my opinion, it's like inviting a vampire into your home. For better or worse, I will always say *exactly* what I think. So I spoke up if I had ideas, agreed or disagreed, and no one laughed at me or booted me off the Board. Again, I thought: Maybe I'm being helpful; I'll keep doing this for a bit.

And then it happened. A day came that seemed like any other day until I received a phone call that evening from August. He told me that he and Janet were the nominating committee for officers, and that they both felt I would make a good candidate to put forth for president at the upcoming meeting. Charlie and Stephanie's wildly ingenious and utterly diabolical plan suddenly unfurled itself in all its wicked splendor. Or . . . wait. Perhaps, I realized too late, they were merely the agents, and it was really August and Clare *all along*. Charlie and Stephanie had delivered me right into their waiting hands. I know, it really is always the innocent-looking ones. Anyway, I sure hadn't seen it coming. But then I realized that most of the people on the Board had already been president. So

I began to feel that it was perhaps my responsibility to take a tour of duty for two years.

Almost immediately after the election, Mark Burstein, who had partnered with the talented Andrew Ogus to turn our newsletter into a beautiful magazine, alerted me that, due to the recent birth of his son, he needed to step down from his post as editor in chief of the *Knight Letter* immediately. We simply couldn't find anyone who both had the proper credentials and was willing to shoulder the considerable workload, so I ended up taking on that post, too, and did that for three years. Now, Charlie Lovett might say, "Oh, that's nothing, I did both when I was president!" But he would

do it with tongue in cheek, because he knows that the *Knight Letter* is no longer a few pages cut-and-pasted together. It's now a 50-plus-page, soul-consuming Leviathan. Twice a year, like clockwork, Tim would begin circling around my computer asking, "Is that thing *done* yet?"

As we were approaching the end of my two-year term, I told August I hoped he was lining up a suitable replacement. He looked at me with that quiet, genteel horror of his, and said, "But traditionally, our presidents always serve *two* terms!" They hadn't mentioned *that*. But my respect for Au-

gust and Clare is so great, and

my Bostonian desire to be polite so strong, that I allowed myself to be put forth again. I thought Tim was going to kill me. But his love of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, and me, and the fact that his father used to quote Lewis Carroll regularly, all helped him survive my second term with his customary good humor. Thank you for four years of patience, Tim!

Last fall, it became clear that we could no longer put off overhauling our wonderful old website, created and maintained faithfully for many years by Joel Birenbaum. Many members had *wanted* it to happen, but it hadn't. So, I stepped down as editor of the *Knight Letter* and became leader of the website project. I ended up becoming the main developer as well. Volunteering can be difficult and time-consuming, as many of you know. Ask Mark Richards over in England. And of course, volunteering *isn't* just about doing the bits you *like*; it's about doing what you're *asked* to do, and what *needs* to be done, *when* it needs to be done. Happily, the vast majority of our volun-



Andrew Sellon as the Unicorn in Looking-Glass!

Photograph courtesy of Rick Lake

teers came through in a big way. Sometimes it was people I've never met, and may never meet. That's what I love about this Society. I was so impressed by the generosity of effort, and I was grateful, too. The new website, complete with our updated blog, is truly a collaborative project, just as it should be. I'm proud that in addition to classic illustrations, our new site displays beautiful *Alice*-themed artworks by our own members. Their art is so gorgeous that I wish I could afford to buy it all and create a gallery in my house! But in a way, our site *is* that gallery, and this way we're sharing it with the world, and I'm not broke.

So in closing, here's the crucial thing you need to understand about the effect Mr. Dodgson has had on my life: I'm not by nature a selfless person. I'm also no one special; I'm just someone who used to sit in the very seats you sit in when you come to one of our meetings. Yet for the last four years, I have had before me a larger goal: to do right by all of you, and most importantly to do right by Mr. Dodgson. I genuinely appreciate all the opportunities for learning that I've had over the last four years. Looking back, I could point to the frustrations and challenges, but I would prefer to point to the triumphs, and most of all to the fact that, as a group, we made it past many challenges to arrive at where we are today. I feel that by working together over the past four years, we've all come a few steps closer to meeting Mr. Dodgson. And in a mordant way, he would no doubt agree! But then, I also don't kid myself; one way or another, most of it would probably have happened *without* me, because you're a good bunch. So I will just say that while I've been president, we've gotten *somewhere*. As the Cheshire Cat says, "you're sure to do that, if you only walk long enough."

I can also share something with you now that I could not share with all the good folks who were able to attend our fall meeting. In the weeks leading up to the meeting, my beloved 88-year-old father was in failing health. By the day of the meeting, I was awaiting news from my sister that would simply go one way or the other. He passed away peacefully in his sleep two days after the meeting. But I realized that his last illness may have been one of the reasons I chose to share my story with you all, just as Charlie Wilcox's illness so affected Mr. Dodgson that he had to put pen to paper and acknowledge the possible existence of Boojums. My father was the man who gave me that *Talespinners* LP. He was the man who used to quote Lewis Carroll freely to us children with a twinkle in his eye. Who was always putting a good book in my path, under the correct assumption that I would devour it. Who loved a good story as much as anyone I've ever known. What message did he leave behind? *Don't just sit in the chair*. Participate, volunteer, share your own stories, and mentor the next generation in the love of great writing. Don't assume that someone else will. Do it today.

The King of Hearts gave even more helpful advice than the Cheshire Cat, of course: "go on till you come to the end: then stop." For, whatever this four-year dream has meant, I've walked long enough, and it's my time to stop. Mr. Dodgson once wrote that "There is a sadness at coming to the end of anything in life." I would add that there is also peace. And gratitude. Thank you all. I wouldn't have missed it for all the tea in Wonderland.

Rhymes With Orange Hilary B. Price



Contemporary Sylvie and Bruno Reviews:

A FURTHER CONCATENATION

CLARE IMHOLTZ

Continuing a series begun in *KL* 62, presented here are nine contemporary reviews of *Sylvie and Bruno* (*SB*), ten of *SB Concluded*, two of both books, two of the People's edition (1898), and five of *The Story of Sylvie and Bruno* (1904), an abridged version prepared by Carroll's brother Wilfred. The reviews are lively, for the most part, and the writers' comments show a vast divide, from ecstatic to withering. It is interesting that the characters of Sylvie and Bruno, particularly Bruno, are appreciated, even when the books as a whole are not.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR (U.K.) DECEMBER 31, 1889,
P. 58

SB is listed under New Works, with a sort of mini-review: Odd ideas and fragments of dialogue made into a kind of story, the scene oscillating between fairyland and this world of ours, upon the many weaknesses and conceits of which the author is somewhat severe. [*What a fascinating little review this is: it focuses on oddity and morals and doesn't even attempt to describe the book's narrative ("a kind of story"), characters, intended audience, poems, humor, etc.*]

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION (U.K.) JANUARY 1, 1890,
P. 30

"I do not know if 'Alice in Wonderland' was an *original* story—I was, at least, no *conscious* imitator in writing it—but I do know that, since it came out, something like a dozen storybooks have appeared on identically the same pattern. The path I timidly explored—believing myself to be 'the first that ever burst into that silent sea'—is now a beaten high-road: all the wayside flowers have long ago been trampled into the dust: and it would be courting disaster for me to attempt that style again."

"Stokes hints blue, straight he turtle eats:
"Nokes prints blue, champagne crowns his feasts"
"Flower in the crannied wall."

Tennyson, Browning, Lewis Carroll,* one querulously high, one deeply, sadly low, all echo the same complaint. It is a world of imitators, copyists, plagiarists. But if we may borrow a Carrollian turn, because another has borrowed your skin, it is none the easier for that to leap out of your own skin. Our author has

tried to doff the sock and don the buskin; but except in the Preface, which seems modelled on A.K.H.B.,** and treats, among other things, of expurgated editions of Shakespeare, the morality of field sports, inspiration and dreams, and the ancient ideas of the afterworld, he has fortunately failed, and Sylvie and Bruno move in the same mad world, the world of topsy-turvydom governed by the logic of Dreamland, as "Alice." Who but the author of "Alice," or a plagiarist, would have written? —

"He thought he saw an elephant,
That practiced on a fife ;
He looked again and found it was
A letter from his wife ;
At length I realize, he said,
The bitterness of life."

Even in "Alice" there was an undertone of melancholy, and "Sylvie and Bruno" is composed almost wholly in the minor key; but there are flashes of the same delightful humour—"Remember," says Sylvie, 'it's the early bird that picks up the worm.' 'It may, if it likes!' Bruno said, with a slight yawn; 'I don't like eating worms one bit. I always stop in bed until the early bird has picked them up!'" Mr. Tenniel's mantle has fallen on Mr. Furniss, and the illustrations are not the least charming part of the book.

* The quotations are from (1) Carroll, Preface to *SB*; (2) Browning, "Popularity" (except that the last half of the last line should read "claret crowns his cup"); (3) Tennyson, from his poem thus titled.

** A reference to Arthur Kennedy Hutchison Boyd, a Scottish cleric and author of *Recreations of a Country Parson* (1862), a book filled with serious and moralistic reflections, which he contributed serially to *Fraser's Magazine* with his initials attached.

PUNCH (U.K.) JANUARY 4, 1890, VOL. 98, P. 10

Once upon a time Mr. LEWIS CARROLL wrote a marvelously grotesque, fantastic, and humorous book called *Alice in Wonderland*, and on another occasion he wrote *Through the Looking-Glass*, in which *Alice* reappeared, and then the spring of Mr. LEWIS CARROLL's fanciful humour apparently dried up, for he has done nothing since worth mentioning in the same breath with his first two works; and if his writings

have been by comparison watery; unlike water, they have never risen by inherent quality to their original level. Of his latest book, called *Sylvie and Bruno*, I can make neither head nor tale. It seems a muddle of all sorts, including a little bit of Bible thrown in. It will be bought, because LEWIS CARROLL's name is to it, and it will be enjoyed for the sake of Mr. FURNISS's excellent illustrations, but for no other reason that I can see. I feel inclined to carol to CARROLL, "O don't you remember sweet ALICE?" and, if so, please be good enough to wake her up again, if you can.

THE INDEPENDENT (U.S.) FEBRUARY 20, 1890,
VOL. 42, NO. 2151, P. 21

Whether or not this book will delight children is dependent on the fashion with children when it comes to their hands; for we all know how amusement runs in epidemics among the bright little ones; but it seems to us that there must be a sort of perennial and universal fascination in pages so filled with admiring oddities, mirth-provoking incidents and engaging drollery. Lewis Carroll is a name beloved of children, and grown-up folks as well, and this hotch-potch entitled *Sylvie and Bruno* is not the least amusing of his works. Nor is it merely amusing; the receptive young mind will take many valuable impressions from its pages and catch vivid glimpses of things worth knowing, along with kaleidoscopic combinations of the most brilliant absurdities of humor. The book is beautifully printed, attractively bound, and contains forty-six illustrations by Harry Furniss; but no beauty of print or of binding or of pictures can leave so deliciously pure and lasting an impression as comes with reading such a sketch as that where Sylvie chooses between the jewel hearts offered her by the old King.

THE BOOK BUYER (U.S.) MARCH 1890, VOL. 7, NO. 2,
P. 65. [Includes illustration, "The Professor's Explanation" (from p. 24)].

Lewis Carroll, the author of the famous "Alice in Wonderland," gives us in *Sylvie and Bruno* another book that will delight the young folks. Mr. Carroll has made a new departure in his story writing, feeling that so many books have appeared on the same pattern as "Alice in Wonderland," that it would be courting disaster to attempt that style again. There are some droll characters in the book, a musical gardener among them, who supplies funny verses. The little girl and boy, Sylvie and Bruno, have some strange adventures while on their way to Fairyland. They met the King of Dogland—an enormous New-Foundland—surrounded by his entire court. What a grand dog-show that must be! The book will never have it so. The illustrations by Harry Furniss are humorous and entertaining. (Macmillan, 12mo, \$1.50).

MONTHLY PACKET (U.K.) MARCH 1, 1890, NO. 111,
P. 266

Spider. Isn't it delightful? Here's another of the Lewis Carroll [sic] books, *Sylvie and Bruno*.

Arachne. Is it as quaintly droll as the rest? I suppose we have yet to prove whether there are comicalities that stick in one's memory like 'The Mock Turtle,' or the Jabberwock on the Conventional signs in the Map.

S. There is a gardener given to singing rhymes that give one a vehement inclination to parody, as for instance—[The reviewer quotes the "He thought he saw a banker's clerk" stanza.]

And the picture, by Harry Furniss, is such a delightful mixture of banker's clerk and hippo—The story is an odd mixture, the wild, droll, fairy part coming as a dream before a more matter-of-fact set of scenes with a young doctor, who is hopelessly in love with a Lady Muriel, bringing in some graver thoughts. There is a preface in which some other thoughts and wishes are brought in, one for a Children's Shakespeare, which is all very well, but another for a Children's Bible, leaving out all the Judgments, such as the Flood. You don't think that's right, do you?

A. Certainly not! A child will not love God the more truly or nobly for not knowing the fear of Him. It is not the parent who never punishes who is most respected or loved, and even for a child the outlook is very imperfect that does not include the doom and guilt of sin. Indeed, without that, where would be the need of any redemption. I am sorry that should be in the book which is sure to be everywhere read and loved.

MILWAUKEE SENTINEL (U.S.) MARCH 10, 1890, P. 4

"Here's richness," indeed, for the little folk, and big folk too, for that matter. Sylvie and Bruno are the most delightful child-fairies or fairy children that ever were seen and are bound to be loved as, perhaps, never were fairies loved before. As in "Alice in Wonderland," Mr. Carroll strikes a new vein in this story, which is a trifle puzzling at the first plunge into its absurdities, but the author's fancy once caught, the charm of the idea increases with every page, till one is ready to wish that the droll conceits and flights of pure unadulterated nonsense might, like Tennyson's brook, "go on forever." That there is much more of the same sort in that fertile brain of Lewis Carroll, we cannot doubt, and we hope that he will not long keep us out of the enjoyment of it. It is hard work to write books, we are told, but we find it difficult to believe this of anything that flows as easily, as gracefully, and so infectiously as these felicitous phantasies seem to flow from Mr. Carroll's pen, and we may consequently be excused for teasing for "more" as soon as we have fairly devoured the one before us. A true child always loves fairies,

and these particular fairies are, as we have said, such unique specimens, so perfectly adorable, that every child will be moved to sympathize with them and to desire to emulate them in their little experiences and Sylvie's sweet example will no doubt give courage to many a wayward heart.

THE BOOKMAN (U.K.) FEBRUARY 1893, VOL. 3, NO. 17, PP. 151-153

"Recollections of Lewis Carroll." [*An overview of Dodgson (there is no attempt to shield his identity) apparently written by someone personally familiar with him and even more so with the Liddells; it includes thoughts on the Alices, Snark, and SB; and on Dodgson's relationships with children. Here are the comments on SB.*]

'Sylvie and Bruno' has been illustrated with Harry Furniss's usual grace and charm. In this last work, which has proceeded within recent years from Mr. Dodgson's pen, the humour of his earlier writings is rather wanting. A certain amount of refreshing nonsense is still to be found, but distinctly inferior to what he has given us before

"He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece ;
He looked again, and saw it was
His sister's husband's niece," etc.,

with the variations upon the same refrain which run through the story, are scarcely to be compared to any four lines out of the 'Snark,' or to any of the ditties in either of the books of 'Alice.'

From a literary point of view, moreover, it is to be questioned whether a story which combines a fairy tale with a quite grown-up romance as well as more serious matter can ever be a complete success, since it must always remain doubtful whether it was intended for little ones or their elders. The fairy-land portion of 'Sylvie and Bruno,' woven in in the form of dreams, is as charming as anything that the author has yet written, but none the less this latest story is never likely to be as popular with the children, at any rate, as 'Alice.' At the same time, it must be remembered that 'Sylvie and Bruno' is a more serious undertaking, and written with a deeper purpose than anything which Mr. Dodgson has before attempted. The real interest of the book, indeed, lies in the fact that it is the work of his later years, and gives us some idea of the man of whom so little is now known. In the long preface, he gives us his views upon many things in life, and upon the possible nearness of death, and the story is throughout largely influenced by the deep religious feeling which has always been one of Mr. Dodgson's strongest characteristics. . .

NEW YORK TRIBUNE (U.S.) OCTOBER 9, 1893, P. 8
[prepublication notice]

The author of "Alice's Adventures" has written a new book, but we can hardly hope for a repetition of his

early success. The forthcoming volume is a sequel or second part to "Sylvie and Bruno"—a story which had its merits, but which was not to be compared in any way with that of the charming Alice.

LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE (U.K.)

NOVEMBER 1893, NO. 6, P. 554

Fortunately, a few books stand out from the flood of commonplace. Lewis Carroll, for example, has given us "Sylvie and Bruno, Concluded," a delightful medley of nonsense and wisdom. The first is perhaps less conspicuous than in former books from the same pen, and the last rather more. There is nothing in the new volume quite equal in ridiculousness to "The Walrus and the Carpenter," but it contains much that will make people of all ages laugh; and a hearty laugh in this age of grim seriousness is a thing for which all sane folks will be genuinely grateful.—John A. Steuart

NEW YORK TRIBUNE (U.S.) DECEMBER 17, 1893, P. 19

Another new story by Lewis Carroll, being part second of "Sylvie and Bruno," has been published by Macmillan & Co. It is a charming book, with many illustrations. It is a work intended for children, but it can be read with equal pleasure by older people.

LITERARY ERA (U.S.) JANUARY 1894, VOL. 1, NO. 1, P. 49

[*This review is reprinted from the Literary World (London). A review from the Literary World (Boston) was republished in KL 78.*]

It is difficult to decide whether most to be delighted that Lewis Carroll—as the author of "Alice in Wonderland" chooses to be called—has given us another book, or to regret that he has loaded it with so much that harmonizes not at all with clever nonsense and the pretty story of the two little fairies. There was a story about Lewis Carroll, some time ago, which may or may not be entirely apocryphal, that when commanded by the Queen to send a copy of his next book, as "Alice in Wonderland" was so delightful, he complied, and sent a mathematical treatise! That is what he does to us throughout the *Sylvie and Bruno* volumes. Those who remember the first volume will know what to expect. All the old characters re-appear with their charming oddities, the Professor, the Other Professor, the disagreeable Uggug, and all the others. The gardener gives us only one more of his "second sights." [*The reviewer quotes the "Argument" stanza of "The Gardener's Song."*]

But the Other Professor recites a most amusing "Pig-tale"—a ballad of the death of a pig who imitates the jump of a frog, and the "Introductory Verses," which come at the end, have something like the clever touch which has made the Snark so famous. [*The reviewer quotes three stanzas of "Pig-Tale."*]

But we miss the former brilliance of these jingles, the longest piece in the book is distinctly a failure,

and it is a pity that Lewis Carroll should have taken the old timeworn mother-in-law joke for his subject. The Professor's lecture is very amusing, though we doubt if children will quite appreciate all the humor, which is often, as in the theory of ever-running trains, somewhat mathematical and scholastic. But our fault with the book is that it is compounded of so many elements.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR (U.K.) JANUARY 13, 1894,
PP. 54-55 [*Includes illustration "Her Imperial Highness is Surprised," p. 326.*]

Those readers who were children when 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through the Looking-Glass' first came out look with peculiar interest for later work from the pen of Mr. Lewis Carroll. They have recollections of such hours of unalloyed delight that even the chance of renewed pleasure of the same sort stirs up eager anticipations.

It is therefore with lively anticipations that the handsome volume which has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan under the title of 'Sylvie and Bruno Concluded,' will be taken up. Before commencing to read it we turn over the leaves wondering if we shall light upon any verses half as good as 'The Walrus and the Carpenter.' Almost at once we open at page 14, where there is a delicious song in Mr. Carroll's best vein—a *very* peculiar song: seeing the chorus to each verse comes in the *middle*, instead of at the *end*.

It tells how

'King Fisher courted Lady Bird—
Sing Beans, sing Bones, sing Butterflies,'

and how he draws attention to his 'noble head,' his 'beard as white as curd,' his 'expressive eyes.' She then replies in three verses that have perhaps a wee bit *too much* point in them. Let us quote one verse:—

"Oysters have beards," said Lady Bird—
Sing Flies, sing Frogs, sing Fiddle-strings!

"I love them, for I know
They never chatter so:
They would not say one single word—

Not if you crowned them kings!"

Further on in the book we find a 'Pig-Tale' in rhyme with, characteristically enough, 'introductory verses' at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end.

Having thus tasted casually, as it were, we settle down to the quiet enjoyment of the book. And let us say at once that on the whole the reading of it has delighted us, though in a fairy story we could dispense with discussions on ethics, on charity, on 'fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,' and similar topics.

Mr. Carroll's earlier books, it is probable, owe their very great success to the fact that they are *real* children's books. In his later work he is perhaps a trifle too deep and satirical for childish understandings; yet the didactic and ironical parts are so mixed

up with bits of pure fun that when we would protest we find ourselves unexpectedly in a burst of laughter. The present volume resumes the story of 'Sylvie and Bruno,' where the first volume, published four or five years' ago, left it off. The author, wandering in Kensington Gardens, passes into the 'eerie' state and meets with Sylvie and Bruno, and the first chapter is devoted to talks with them. Bruno with his comical, yet sharp and shrewd remarks, is a fascinating little fellow. His 'lessons' may be quoted as serving to show what he is like.

'There's only three lessons to do,' said Sylvie, 'Spelling and Geography, and Singing.'

'Not *Arithmetic*?' I said.

'No, he hasn't a head for Arithmetic——'

'Course I haven't,' said Bruno. 'Mine head's for *hair*. I haven't got a *lot* of heads!'

'——and he can't learn his Multiplication-table——' 'I like *History* ever so much better,' Bruno remarked.

'Oo has to *repeat* the Muddlecome table——' 'Well, and you have to repeat——'

'No, oo hasn't!' Bruno interrupted. 'History repeats itself, the Professor said so!'

Sylvie was arranging some letters on a board—E-V-I-L. 'Now, Bruno,' she said, 'what does *that* spell?'

Bruno looked at it, in solemn silence, for a minute. 'I knows what it *doosn't* spell!' he said at last.

'That's no good,' said Sylvie. 'What *does* it spell?'

Bruno took another look at the mysterious letters. 'Why, it's "LIVE" backwards!' he exclaimed. (I thought it was, indeed.)

'How *did* you manage to see that?' said Sylvie.

'I just twiddled my eyes,' said Bruno, 'and then I saw directly. Now may I sing "The King-Fisher's Song"?'

'Geography next,' said Sylvie, 'Don't you know the Rules?'

'I thinks that there oughtn't to be such a lot of Rules, Sylvie. I thinks——'

Then comes the song which we quoted at the beginning of this notice, and the chapter ends with the statement that 'human life seems on the whole to contain more of sorrow than of joy.' This reflection might on the whole have been omitted. Proceeding, we follow for a time the fortunes of the Lady Muriel and her lover, the argumentative doctor. Most of the chapters are, however, lightened and made truly enjoyable by the introduction of the fairy children, Sylvie and Bruno. 'Mein Herr,' too, is an extremely pleasant old fellow despite the satirical observations on men and things which Mr. Carroll has put into his mouth. 'Bruno's Picnic' is an extremely taking piece of writing; the tale of the three foxes that eat one an-

other until there is only a mouth left, out of which Bruno draws the three foxes again, is told in Mr. Carroll's pleasantest fashion—that is to say, in the true vein of 'faery.' The cat that disappeared in one of the earlier stories until nothing was left but its grin has a parallel in this book, where a dog is made invisible all but his tail. That in itself is sufficient to indicate the charm of 'Sylvie and Bruno Concluded.' Sequels are notoriously *un*-successful, but perhaps that is as much the fault of the readers as of the writers. If the reader be inclined to resent the long discussions on human conduct in the present volume, it is only because he or she is anxious to hear more from Mr. Carroll about fairyland, more about Sylvie and Bruno, to have more of those nonsense verses like 'The Kingfisher's Song' and the 'Pig-Tale.' With one stanza from the latter we must close. [*The reviewer quotes the stanza "Little birds are feeding / Justices with jam."*]

Mr. Harry Furniss's illustrations are truly delightful, those around the 'Pig-Tale' being indeed, as the author calls them, "Triumphs of artistic ingenuity."

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER (U.S.) FEBRUARY 1, 1894,
P. 5

We happen to know quite a company of little folk and they are only representative of a great many larger companies who will not welcome the last word of the above caption [i.e., "Concluded"]. Sylvie and Bruno have become household words, veritable realities in thousands of homes. The little people have been waiting eagerly for what was coming, and they have in the present volume by Lewis Carroll a rare treat, but it is a treat coupled with a disappointment which is expressed in this one word "concluded." Mr. Carroll, we take it, has by no means written himself out, but Mr. Carroll is an artist, and he has now finished the picture which was in his mind when, 20 years ago, he published, under the title, "Bruno's Revenge," a little story for "Aunt Judy's Magazine." The picture, with the delightful volume now brought out by the Macmillans, is complete, and we can give it no higher praise, than to say it is, in every sense, a finished

one. Perhaps some philosopher can tell us why children love fairy stories. The single word imagination does not quite answer the question. Are we indeed of—"Such stuff as dreams are made of?"

RICHMOND DISPATCH (U.S.) FEBRUARY 18, 1894,
P. 11 [*Some of the quotations are not quite right; strangest is: "the human mind is a sausage, and all we ask is, how much indigestible stuff can be crammed into death!" This should read "crammed into it!"*]

Lewis Carroll is an artist in appreciation and an artist in style, a student of nature, a student of character, and an incisive critic. The fairies Sylvie and Bruno, and Mein Herr, and the Professor serve the author in giving play to the most whimsical fancies and grotesque suggestions, which, however, always point a moral, and are the framework of some gem of thought, and are frequently brought into contrast with pathos and sharp realism. We fall in love immediately with Sylvie and Bruno. They are real children to us. The one fascinates by her sweetness and the other captivates by his child wisdom and philosophy. Mr. Carroll says that some of the phrases he has put into the mouths of Sylvie and Bruno were caught from children, and we can well believe him.

The manner in which Sylvie and Bruno, unseen, save by the author, bring Muriel and Arthur together is a most happy conceit, and nothing could be more touching than their reformation of Willie. Mein Herr says for us things we have often thought and felt but could not put into words, and satirizes in an inimitable way some of the "fads," foibles, and humbuggery of the age.

The theory on which the story is constructed is very interesting, and, as given in the preface, is an index to the range of fancy indulged. Mr. Carroll says, "the story is an attempt to show what might possibly happen, supposing that fairies really existed and that they were sometimes visible to us and we to them, and that they were sometimes able to assume human form, and supposing also that human beings sometimes become conscious of what goes on in the fairy



world—by actual transference of their immaterial essence such as we meet with in Esoteric Buddhism.

"I have supposed a human being capable of various psychical states, with varying degrees of consciousness, as follows: (a) the ordinary state, with no consciousness of the presence of fairies; (b) the "eerie" state, in which, while conscious of actual surroundings, he is *also* conscious of the presence of fairies; (c) a form of trance, in which, while unconscious of actual surroundings, and apparently asleep, his immaterial essence migrates to other scenes, in the actual world, or in fairyland, and is conscious of the presence of fairies.

"I have also supposed a fairy to be capable of migrating from fairyland into the actual world, and of assuming, at pleasure, a human form; and also to be capable of various psychical states—viz: (a) the ordinary state, with no consciousness of the presence of Human beings; (b) a sort of "eerie" state, in which he is conscious, if in the actual world, of the presence of actual human beings; if in fairyland, of the presence of the immaterial essences of human beings.

"I believe that there is life everywhere—not material only, not merely what is palpable to our senses—but immaterial and invisible as well. We believe in our own immaterial essence—call it soul, or spirit, or what you will. Why should not other similar essences exist around us, not linked on to a visible and material body? Did not God make this swarm of happy insects, to dance in this sunbeam for one hour of bliss, for no other object, than to swell the sum of conscious happiness? And where shall we dare to draw the line, and say 'He has made all these and no more?'"

The difference between perfect mechanical correctness in a musical rendition and the soul of music is brought out to its fullest in the chapter in which the performance of the brilliant society player is followed by that of Sylvie.

Here is a characteristic outburst from Mein Herr: "Mein Herr threw up his hands wildly. 'What, again?' he cried. 'I thought it was dead, fifty years ago! Oh this Upas tree of Competitive Examinations! Beneath whose deadly shade all the original genius, all the exhaustive research, all the untiring life-long diligence by which our fore-fathers have so advanced human knowledge, must slowly but surely wither away, and give place to a system of cookery, in which the human mind is a sausage, and all we ask is, how much indigestible stuff can be crammed into death!'"

This and much more Mein Herr says about "cramming" and kindred evils connected with the conduct of institutions of learning might be studied to advantage by college authorities.

Bits of the book here and there may be read to children with the assurance that they will give the lit-

tle ones the greatest delight, and at the same time the reader, assuming he is one of mature years, will find food for reflection in every phrase. The illustrations are as fantastic, but as suggestive as the text, and withal as artistic as is Mr. Carroll's literary workmanship.

BOOK NEWS (U.S.) MARCH 1894, NO. 139, P. 288

"Après l'Agésilas, Hélas! Mais après l'Attila, Holá!"* This epigram befits the "Sylvie and Bruno" and, now, the "Sylvie and Bruno Concluded" of Lewis Carroll, madder and madder of the productions of the author of "Alice in Wonderland." The decline in humor is positively melancholy, and to read either of these volumes is nothing short of a penance. They are really sermons, or speculations about life and conduct and the hereafter, aimed at grown folks, and are most unfit reading for children. The nonsense verse in the concluding part is, with scarcely an exception, incapable of exciting a smile. Mr. Furniss, though his task as an illustrator was harder, has fallen far short of Tenniel in the immortal *Alices*. In this final volume of "Sylvie and Bruno" many questions of the day are discussed, and those who are curious to know what views Mr. Carroll takes of them may consult it for themselves. They will probably agree that in his hands the thing does not become a trumpet.

* In quoting Boileau's epigram upon Corneille's late plays, the reviewer suggests that Carroll's powers are failing as Corneille's supposedly had.

SYDNEY MORNING HERALD (AUSTRALIA) MARCH 3, 1894

It is for many young people and some children of older growth a happy day which brings forth a new book by Lewis Carroll. *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* is the second part of a work projected by Mr. Carroll in 1873, and the first installment published in 1889, the concluding part being that now to hand. It is a charmingly-presented volume of more than 400 pages, illustrated out of Mr. Harry Furniss's wealth of quaint laughter-making draughtsmanship. But still it is not the Carroll that we knew, not the creator of Alice. There are things in the book delightful, and some of the nonsense verses are as good as of old—"The Pig and the Pump," "What Tottles Meant," "The Little Man that had a Little Gun," a capital parody of Swinburne, and a final verse of the gardener's song. But Mr. Lewis Carroll has now taken himself very seriously indeed. He is convinced that Mr. Ruskin's mantle is on the point of falling upon him, so that Sylvie and Bruno become priggish and the voice of the preacher is heard, as much apropos as it would be in an interlude of Punch and Judy. The preface is amazing and amusing, both unintended.

Alice Under Skies

CHRIS MATHESON

Through the *Looking-Glass* begins with pain. There is an aching quality to Lewis Carroll's prologue:

Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy tale.

I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter.
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter—

Carroll misses Alice desperately. He knew that this would happen. But still . . . it hurts. And so he does the only thing he can do; he returns to the "Tale begun in other days,/When summer suns were glowing—" But this second book will be steeped in melancholy and profound loneliness.

The story begins with Alice's cat, Dinah, who has had kittens now. Clearly time has passed, yet Alice herself does not seem to have aged. Alice rambles on to Dinah and her kittens for a while, but the impatient, sharp-tongued little girl we knew so well in *Wonderland* is gone, replaced by a tender, chatty little dear. It's evident that Carroll does not actually know Alice anymore; he is writing a gauzy, sentimental memory of her.

It's not a promising start. You find yourself wondering: Is this even a good idea?

Then Alice enters *Looking-Glass* world, climbing right through the mirror, and the book suddenly erupts to life as she reads "Jabberwocky." The poem is violent, playful, ridiculous. In a split second, we are back in the joyful presence of Lewis Carroll. It's uncanny, thrilling, deeply moving—even the language itself is transformed. What had been cautious and tepid instantly becomes wild, mad, and beautiful. Alice starts to talk to the flowers, who are extremely rude. "I *wish* you could talk," Alice says. "We *can* talk," says a Tiger-lily, "when there's anybody worth talking to."

It's startling—it happens so fast. (I wonder whether it startled Carroll himself.) Even Alice is sur-

prised: "It quite seemed to take her breath away." But it doesn't take long; a few more completely gratuitous insults from the flowers, and Alice's back starts to go up. All of the sticky sweetness she's been coated with up to this point suddenly burns off, and she's right back to being that steely, unsentimental little girl we loved so much in the first book. Within seconds, Alice is threatening to kill the flowers. The insults fly for a while more and it's hugely funny, a little girl and a bunch of flowers insulting each other. In truth, Alice is more polite to these flowers than they deserve.

Alice then notices that *Looking-Glass* world is essentially a giant chessboard interspersed with trees, hedges, and brooks, a perfect blend of the mathematical and the organic—of Dodgson and Carroll, you might say. The rest of the book will revolve around the chess match that is occurring and Alice's somewhat surprising announcement that she wishes to be a Queen.

The announcement feels odd at first, but then you think, well, of course that's what Alice wants. Haven't all her experiences in both books on some level been leading to this? Hasn't this desire to be a Queen been implicit from the very start of *Wonderland*? Why did Alice go down the rabbit-hole, if not to discover something about herself? Why did she enter *Looking-Glass* world if not to keep searching? Hasn't this wish been the subtext of everything we've read so far? From this point on, the drama of the book will be clear: Alice wants to grow up, and the book essentially tries to talk her out of it. Don't do it, one character after another will say to her. But it won't work; Alice will not be deterred.

At certain moments, *Looking-Glass* is far more surreal than *Wonderland*. Here, for instance, with no explanation—and I mean *none*—the Red Queen is suddenly gone and Alice is on a train. A little voice starts speaking in Alice's ear, and now, suddenly, we are under a tree, speaking to the Gnat. Carroll writes these startling transitions with a loose, easy certainty. The tentative quality of the first 25 pages is long gone. Carroll is rolling now, a virtuoso of dark, absurd poetry; the great explorer is back in the land that he discovered, seeking out new regions.

Chris Matheson is a film writer and director whose credits include the *Bill & Ted* movies. This is a companion to his article in *KL* 84.

The Gnat is generally friendly but, like almost everyone else in Carroll-land, is also prickly, defensive, and borderline rude. It works every time: cute, whimsical characters who don't *act* cute or whimsical at all, who act, in fact, like vaguely unpleasant relatives or coworkers. Almost every single conversation Alice has in the two books is essentially a failure. People talk past each other, exchange insults, threaten each other, and it's comedy gold every damn time.

In Tenniel's drawing, Tweedledee and Tweedledum look surly, suspicious, worried, like two odd little boys—which is what they are, I think. Alice has proclaimed a desire to grow up; now it's time that she meets, essentially, a couple of "boys her own age." All the male characters she's met so far have been "adults": the Hatter, the Caterpillar, the Cheshire Cat, even the White Rabbit. Dum and Dee hug, then shake Alice's hands, and, in a second, they are all dancing around in a circle. Suddenly there's music being played by a nearby tree, and they're all singing, "Here we go round the mulberry bush."

It's a glorious, intoxicating moment, Alice and these two fat boys spinning in a circle together, singing. The carefree joys of childhood are apparently still available to Alice. Dum and Dee get out of breath and, as quickly as they started dancing, they stop and just stand there looking at each other. This is another of Carroll's signature comedic moves: focus on the weird, stilted pauses that occur when none of the characters knows what to say.

Having danced together, the three children have warmed up to each other and decide next to recite poetry. This is another classic Carroll move: stop the story and have the characters recite a poem or sing a song. The poem the boys recite, "The Walrus and the Carpenter," is one of Carroll's greatest. It seems, at first, to be inspired nonsense: "The sun was shining on the sea . . . And this was odd, because it was/The middle of the night." But like all the greatest nonsense (and there isn't much, by the way: *Un Chien Andalou*, *Duck Soup*, etc.), it's not, of course, nonsense at all.

The Walrus and the Carpenter pretend to be kindly and sympathetic figures but are, in truth, insatiable gluttons who kill and eat children. To call this poem the strongest warning to Alice so far—*beware of adult men, go back!*—would be an understatement.

"The Walrus and the Carpenter" is startling—dark and brutal and utterly unsentimental. Alice's reaction to it is equally fascinating. She seems not to have gotten the point. If she did, then she is an unusual girl, because her sympathies, amazingly, lie not with the poor little oyster children, but rather with the Walrus and Carpenter. "I like the Walrus best," is her immediate response, followed shortly by "I like the Carpenter best." (Never "I like the oysters best.")

As the monstrous crow frightens off the Tweedles, the White Queen arrives, chasing her shawl. A moving moment occurs when Alice, feeling lonely, starts to cry, and the Queen is genuinely concerned. "Oh, don't go on like that! . . . Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you've come to-day." Clearly, Carroll would love for Alice not to grow up, to stay a child, his Alice. But he knows that's not possible. He knows that this child *must*, like all children, grow up. Isn't this what the White Queen is telling Alice? You can't go back, it doesn't work. You're a wonderful girl, you're doing great, keep going. It must have been hard for Carroll to write this; that he did so speaks to the genuine love he felt for Alice and the true inner grace he possessed.

The surreal transformations in *Looking-Glass* continue, even more effortless and poetic than the ones in *Wonderland*. Maybe the difference is this: *Wonderland*, for all its astounding beauty and laugh-out-loud humor, did not have the same thematic drive that *Looking-Glass* has. *Looking-Glass*, from the start, is built around the struggle between two competing impulses: "don't grow up, stay as you are" versus "I know you have to grow up, and you will do so beautifully, my dear." It's this thematic grounding, this absolute clarity of purpose, that allows Carroll to make creative leaps the likes of which no one had ever made before—or has made since, when you think of it. Only a great genius could make these strange bounds forward without any trace of the arbitrary or random, but rather with a sort of mysterious inexorability.

Humpty Dumpty is yet another dazzling comedic creation. He is pompous, rude, smug, suspicious, foolish. Carroll has the recipe down now; mix bombastic ego with pathetic weakness, and you get comedy. You'd think these blustery buffoons would get old, but they never do.

Right off the bat, Dumpty bristles at being called an egg. He finds it "*very* provoking" (which is much funnier to me than "provocative," though I can't honestly say why). Alice tries to be nice to him, but Dumpty is dismissive. We get another one of those wonderfully awkward pauses and then, as happens periodically, Alice's acid tongue returns (she is a tad bit nicer than she was in *Wonderland*, but not much). She whispers to herself the famous poem, "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:/Humpty Dumpty had a great fall."

This gets Dumpty's attention. He demands to know Alice's name, then tells her it's a "stupid name." He then brags about his own name and "handsome shape." This is wonderful. Here we have a fat, obnoxious egg-man sitting fecklessly on a high wall (that he will soon fall off!) and, for no apparent reason, insulting Alice. This, I find myself thinking, is what's actually, truly, deeply funny.

Alice is concerned for Dumpty, sitting up there on that narrow wall. Is the subtext here that Alice

is starting to act like a mother with this belligerent, bragging little boy, just as she did with Dum and Dee? Dumpty, always full of himself, ignores her anxious, "Don't you think you'd be safer on the ground?" "Of course I don't think so! Why, if ever I *did* fall off—which there's no chance of—but *if* I did—" he brags, the King has promised to help him.

There have been many wonderful/terrible conversations in the two books, but this is perhaps the greatest, most ridiculously bad of them all.

Humpty Dumpty launches into a poem that he tells Alice was "written entirely for your amusement." Alice tries to get away, but Dumpty is insistent. His poem is strange, enigmatic, but with a clearly ominous undertone. It is, I think, yet another warning to Alice.

I sent a message to the fish:
I told them "This is what I wish."

Who exactly is the "I" here? Remember, Dumpty said only that the poem was written for Alice's amusement, not that he had written it. Beyond that, what is it that this "I" wishes for from the little fish that cannot even be spoken of? It's quite obvious that Carroll was in love with Alice—both books revolve around that fact—but this poem clearly suggests that that love had an "unspeakable" aspect to it as well.

I sent to them again to say
"It will be better to obey."

But the fish "would not listen to advice."

I took a kettle large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.

We are back with the Walrus and the Carpenter, but this time, the homicidal impulses are more naked; they are not whimsical in the least.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump:
I filled the kettle at the pump.

Then some one came to me and said
"The little fishes are in bed."

Can there be any doubt what "I" is thinking of? Is he going to kill the little sleeping fishes and eat them? Or does he have something else in mind?

For a moment, the poem's "narrator" seems to reconsider. "Wake the fishes up!" the poem shouts. Humpty Dumpty literally screams this line at Alice. He obviously wants her to hear this. But she doesn't. As usual, Alice misses the warning—or chooses to miss the warning—completely.

I took a corkscrew from the shelf:
I went to wake them up myself.

And when I found the door was locked,
I pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut,
I tried to turn the handle, but—

Here's another comment on how these books, specifically the comedy within them, have been read. A great deal of energy has gone into discussing the logic and wordplay and historical references the books are so full of. And certainly, this is one perfectly legitimate way to read the *Alice* books. The problem is that focusing so much on these cerebral aspects ignores almost completely the overpowering emotional intensity of the books. It's true, Humpty Dumpty's song is not funny or playful or clever; it is, however, stunningly dramatic. The veil drops for a moment, and we get a glimpse—opaque for sure, but discernible—of the true stakes of the story. Dumpty's poem is disturbing, yet also quite moving. Carroll is not, in any way, trying to "seduce" Alice here. He is, rather, telling her to stay away from him.

Carroll has made various veiled appearances in the two books: As the White Rabbit, the unnamed letter writer at the Knave's trial, the unnamed older sister, the gentleman dressed in white paper, the unnamed "I" in Humpty Dumpty's poem. But some of those were perhaps unintentional. Carroll knew he was writing himself as the White Knight. It's his self-portrait. The scene, therefore, is highly significant: Alice and her creator together on the page at last.

But it's a strange scene. It feels like something the book has been building up to for a long time, but now that it's happening—nothing really happens. Alice and the White Knight walk along, chatting about his inventions, with him falling off his horse, and her helping him back on, and this goes on for several pages, until they are just about to part. "And here I must leave you," the White Knight says.

And you think: Why did Carroll even bother?

But then, just before they part, the White Knight decides to sing Alice a song because "you are sad." Alice doesn't really want to hear it. (She almost never does; it's another one of the great jokes of the books—characters are constantly reciting poems or singing songs to Alice that she doesn't even want to hear.)

The song is "very, *very* beautiful," according to the White Knight. It's called—among other things—"The Aged Aged Man," and when the White Knight begins to sing, Alice is struck by it. In fact, Carroll tells us, this scene is the most memorable thing Alice experiences on her entire journey, the thing that she will never forget. She stands there, "listening, in a half-dream, to the melancholy music."

The White Knight sings about meeting an old man, much older than himself, and asking him, "How is it you live?" The old man's answer:

"... I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street."

The White Knight is not satisfied. "Come, tell me how you live!" he says and thumps the old man on the head. The old man tries to explain once again:

"... when I find a mountain-rill,
I set it in a blaze;"

The White Knight shakes the old man until his face is blue.

"Come, tell me how you live," I cried,
"And what it is you do!"

The old man's response:

He said "I hunt for haddock's eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night."

And suddenly the White Knight understands what's being said to him. The old man, of course, is the White Knight himself. In Tenniel's drawing, he is faceless, slumped over, but look at the hair. Carroll has been talking to himself:

How will I live?

You will make nonsense.

No, but how will I live?

You will present that nonsense to the world.

In the end, the White Knight is doing absurd, violent things to himself. The old man, he now understands, was in agony, rocking his body back and forth in misery. Carroll has seen his own future, and it is lonely and full of anguish.

The story is effectively over; the book could end at this moment and be completely satisfying. There are a few intriguing moments remaining, however. First, there's the odd revelation of Humpty Dumpty appearing "with a corkscrew in his hand." Does this suggest that the "I" in Dumpty's song was himself? ("I took a corkscrew from the shelf:/I went to wake them up myself.") Alice seems to think so. "I know what he came for," she says; "he wanted to punish the fish because—"

It would be fascinating if Carroll had allowed her to finish her sentence. What would she have said? For not giving him what he wanted? For not obeying? For locking him out?

Not long after that, Alice tells the banquet table that she finds it very strange that all the poems she's

heard today have "been about fishes in some way." In truth, the only one that was about fish was Humpty Dumpty's, so we may infer that Alice is still thinking about that one—especially given her recent remark.

I think Alice is on to Carroll now; I think she's figured out what's going on. Suddenly the banquet starts to descend into chaos. There is drinking, screaming; dishes and bottles are knocked over. Alice needs to take charge. The White Queen grabs Alice's hair. "Something's going to happen!" she screams.

Phallic imagery abounds. The candles suddenly grow hugely tall, the bottles turn into birds—and strangest of all, the White Queen's place is taken by a piece of meat that hoarsely laughs at Alice.

"I can't stand this any longer!" Alice cries. She grabs the now doll-sized Red Queen and shakes her violently back and forth "with all her might." She is clearly enraged at this woman—but why? Has Alice, in growing up, become a woman like the Duchess, shaking her baby until it became a pig?

It's a strange and disturbing exit from Looking-Glass world—violent, angry, and seemingly irrational. Alice has grown up and become a queen, but what she has become in order to do so is unsettling.

As Alice wakes up, she is shaking a kitten. (What if she didn't wake up? Would she shake the kitten to death?)

The fascinating thing about the final moments of the book: Alice, acting as a sort of "mother cat" to the two kittens, clearly identifies with them, and not with the fishes she heard so much poetry about. Tomorrow, she tells the kittens, she'll recite "The Walrus and the Carpenter" to them while they eat—and they can pretend they're eating oysters.

In the end, then, it wasn't Alice who was an oyster being led to its demise. It was Carroll himself. The book ends in agony. Carroll can't stop thinking of Alice.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies

The greatest comedy book ever written ends in heartbreak and anguish (which is perhaps as good a lesson in true comedy as there is). No one has come close to topping Carroll's achievement in nearly a century and a half since. His uncanny mixture of brilliant, imaginative play, deep silliness, and profound longing and pain has never been equaled.

A CARROLLIAN IN BRAZIL: ADRIANA PELIANO

ANDREW SELLON & MAHENDRA SINGH

PART I

The last decade has seen a growing Brazilian influence in academia, business, geopolitics, and now it seems, the world of Lewis Carroll. Brazil's heterogeneous and youthful culture may prove a positive influence upon Carrollian studies and art globally—and one young Brazilian in particular, Adriana Peliano, seems to be the driving force behind this. Not only has she produced a staggering abundance of wonderful Carrollian art, she has also founded the Sociedade Lewis Carroll do Brasil (Lewis Carroll Society of Brazil), a critical step for Brazil and South America in general.

We have already published some of Adriana's writings and artwork (KL 83, "Alice's Adventures on the Woodpecker Ranch"), and recently Andrew Sellon, president of the LCSNA, and Mahendra Singh, editor of the Rectory Umbrella, conducted the following two-part interview with her, to be concluded in the next issue.

KL: *Could you give us a brief account of your background, your stay in the U.K., and your current professional activities?*

AP: I was born in Brasília in 1974. I studied architecture and graduated in communication with postgraduate studies in design and the visual arts. I first went to England in 1998 for the centenary year of Lewis Carroll's death in Oxford. After that I studied design in London for a month and lived in Kent for a year while I did an MA in new media arts.

I'm a designer, illustrator, visual artist, and art teacher. I mainly work promoting dialogues between arts such as literature, the visual arts, music, and theater, creating covers, posters, books, and other graphic stuff. I work as a freelancer, using digital manipulation, photography, collage, and assemblage, mixing different techniques to create hybrid characters, puzzles, visual games, and labyrinths of dreams such as my *Alice* illustrations.

KL: *What first interested you in Lewis Carroll?*

AP: My interest in Carroll began when I was a little child and watched Hanna-Barbera's animated version of *Alice* hundreds of times. When I was nine, I received *Wonderland* as a gift, with beautiful illustrations that had a big impact on my imagination. This Alice of Nicolas Gilbert was similar to a real, brunette girl, while the other characters were more like cartoons. It made me feel closer to Alice and her adventures. When I was 12, I went to Disney World and bought a Cheshire Cat, still my mascot and my first *Alice* collectible. At the age of 14, I received a trans-

lated adult edition with a serious preface that opened my mind to the huge possibilities of understanding the book in unsuspected ways. After that, Alice grew inside me; I began to read more and more about Carrollian topics and other works of Carroll such as *Sylvie and Bruno* and the *Snark*, and I collected memorabilia and different *Alice* editions and movies. I must not forget to mention my love for Carroll's photographs of little girls; Alice Liddell and Xie Kitchin are my favorites.

KL: *You have done so many Carroll-related things, several versions of the Alice books, the music with your husband, the exhibition collage art—could you give us a brief résumé?*

AP: In my graduate course I did my first photographic study representing Alice in her search for identity and her attendant inner crisis. I manipulated

the images in the laboratory—this was before learning Photoshop! Then I began an enormous research process, both theoretical and iconographic, to produce my own illustrations.



An unnamed image from Adriana's first collage series, entitled Metamorphosis. She was 15 at the time and had just read an "adult" edition of Alice that provided some philosophical and psychoanalytical analyses of Carroll's work, ideas which interacted powerfully with her simultaneous discovery of the works of Max Ernst.

I created the characters as assemblages, with a plethora of symbolic objects, and then digitally manipulated these illustrations.

During that time I also made an Alician sound collage with my husband, the composer and sound designer Paulo Beto (it was around 1996, I think). I illustrated a book based on Carroll's life and the *Alice* books in 2010, and I have just finished another project I began ten years ago, to translate the original *Alice's Adventures under Ground* manuscript and then recreate it in Portuguese, using Carroll's digitized handwriting, drawings, and even the same page design. It will be published at the end of this year by Scipione.

I have also written three tales inspired by Alice, in which I mixed her into the literary universe of different authors, such as the Dadaist Kurt Schwitters (the tale "Dreamchild"), and the amazing Brazilian writer Clarice Lispector (the tale "Clalice"). One of these tales became a multimedia performance with reading, music, and projections. I wouldn't call these stories parodies but literary montages, intertextual sewing. They are not published yet.

I also presented an art installation in a recent collective exhibition inspired by Alice, *Alicidades* (a portmanteau corresponding in English to *Alicities*), where I created a large montage titled *Butterfly Tears* in which Alice is inside an anatomical illustration of a human head (a hollow skull representing the rabbit hole), crying butterflies which drift through space to land upon a blue cocoon. I imagined it as a process about inner transformations.

Recently I finished a series of collages using a rare vintage Alice from the 1930s illustrated by the first Brazilian *Alice* illustrator, John Fahrion. Some of these collages were sent to the international members of our Society.

I maintain two Carrollian blogs and also conduct workshops where people can create subjective metamorphic and kaleidoscopic Alices through collages, and surrealist games like the Exquisite Corpse—all of this to answer the question: Who is Alice for you? You can see the results online.

That's the most important. Wow, it's too much, isn't it? Right now I'm planning a big exhibition connecting Carroll and Edward Lear. It will be a cabinet of wonders!

KL: In your earlier article for the Knight Letter, you explained the works of Monteiro Lobato and how he introduced Lewis Carroll to Brazil. How popular is Lewis Carroll and his style of nonsense in Brazil today?

AP: Monteiro Lobato was the first translator of *Alice* into Brazilian Portuguese. He noted in his introduction that it was very hard to translate this book, since it had been written for the English

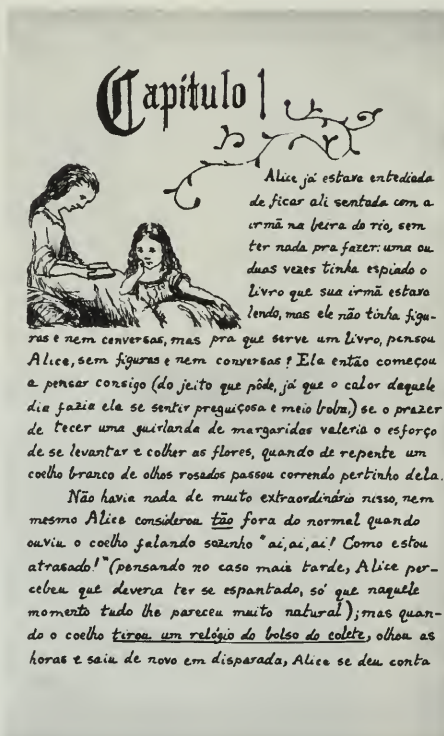
mind. Lobato created an important literary adventure series for Brazilian children, 17 books where the children had adventures with many characters of the cinema, mythology, folklore, and literature. So he translated Carroll's book and also invited Alice to visit Brazil in his own books.

Some translators have recreated Carroll's puns, parodies, and word games into Portuguese. They didn't try to make literal translations but used, for example, popular Brazilian children's songs. They thought it would be closer to Carroll's playfulness if people could understand the game. I think these translations bring the spirit of the book closer to children, but of course adults usually prefer more fidelity, which sometimes loses the humor and the complexity of the text. For example, last week, while observing Maggie Taylor's illustration of the three sisters who lived in the well, I found the drawings on the wall rather

strange. Then I realized that the word "draw" had a double meaning, but in Portuguese that disappears.

But we have some important Brazilian *Alice* translators, and their works are very significant. "Jabberwocky" has had some creative and audacious translations that are very exciting. Since the seventies we have had some more sophisticated translations, and some years ago the *Annotated Alice* was published here. We also have some free adaptations that adapt Alice's references to our popular culture, as I noted before.

Alice is the biggest Carrollian reference here; his photographs are also famous. We had one



The first chapter of Adriana's Portuguese version of the *Under Ground* manuscript. Carroll's handwriting had been recreated in a digital typeface. Adriana began this project in 1998 and it should be finished and available to the public shortly.

good *Sylvie and Bruno* translation and one of the *Snark*, which is rare and almost impossible to find. At our blog people can find more Brazilian editions of Carroll.

The Brazilian public reception is a complex answer. I will base it upon my own experiences talking to people and giving workshops about the subject. For many people *Alice* is still a crazy, sometimes scary, sometimes funny Disney movie. Many went recently to see the Tim Burton movie; some went more for Tim Burton than for Alice. Others just ask me if Carroll used drugs and are suspicious of his love for girls. But some publishers have presented gorgeous and serious editions that help people to love the book in a less superficial way. I receive many e-mails from students preparing scholarly works inspired by Alice, looking for a deeper understanding. Tim Burton stimulated this market and the interest in the book. We don't know yet to what extent it is a transitory fever or if it will last. Alice is also a cult among people with an open mind and literary background, but unfortunately Brazilian people are not very literate in general.

At the same time I have no doubt that the interest in the subject here is very different from England. Alice is mostly a general notion of a nonsensical and psychedelic universe that stimulates the imagination, the humor, and the surreal. The *Annotated Alice* made a good impression; people now usually mention aspects of that. But I still know very few people who are interested in discussing specific passages of the texts or different analytical approaches.

KL: *How do Brazilians react to your Carrollian art, especially the surrealist element? Do they prefer a more literal approach (like North American visual culture and mass media), or is your culture more open to such intuitive visual/linguistic thinking?*

AP: My Alice illustrations for both books were never published. When I did them 12 years ago the publishers told me they were amazing but they weren't commercial. Now the situation has changed. We have more experimental illustrations published here, thanks in great extent to

one publishing house in special, Cosac & Naify, that has recently published a very artistic and metalinguistic *Alice* illustrated by Luiz Zerbini.

I have done some exhibitions with my work in galleries, museums, and the Internet. Many people who saw the photographs of my characters created by assemblages (I didn't exhibit the illustrations) find them very intriguing and exciting but don't know enough of the book to understand the linguistic aspects and the references to the text; they have just my explanations as a guide. The people who know Alice better or who are more intimately familiar with art

usually love them, since they propose games of language and labyrinths of possibilities and do not permit a passive understanding.

KL: *You have several strong motifs in your Carrollian work; we'll start with the feminine motif. It's common amongst Carrollian artists to use Alice as a symbol of feminine independence and growth, but when you use this motif you often incorporate certain sexual tensions within it, although with great taste and skill. Is this a Brazilian reaction or an Adriana reaction?*

AP: I think it is more an Adriana reaction. Alice's sexuality is rarely explored here, since it's considered more a book

for children. I need to mention one important artist that explores the sexuality in Alice, Arlindo Daibert, but his work is very radical, and is still almost unknown.

In my case I was always intrigued by the corporal feelings of Alice, her metamorphic identity, her bodily transformations. If we think of a growing girl becoming a woman, her growing consciousness of her own body is significant. I imagine that at some level it has to do with Carroll's anxieties about women's bodies and his own body. I didn't study any deeply sexual analyses of the book; I followed my intuition. Since



Salvador Dalí's mouth serves as a surrealist's hookah, demanding Alice's identity and asking us to explain its own nature. An image from the series Alicinations, 1996–1998. More images from this series are available on-line in Adriana's Alicinations blog.

Alice moves me in her sensuous way of dealing with foods and drink, doors and keys. I'm deeply interested in her metamorphic body and identity. I think Alice's identity cannot be fixed; is a constant becoming, she flows in her own tears, mixes with mushrooms and animals, is mistaken for flowers and snakes, faces vertigo, and is then threatened with decapitation. Despite all the difficulties, she conquers with her inner strength; she is my heroine.

It is not just an intellectual connection, it involves the whole being. Maybe her sexuality is close to children's sexuality, inhabiting her whole body, and like a child, she fears and cannot understand it. I love the *Alice* of Jan Svankmajer since it deals with Alice's "basements" and "attics," her unconscious, facing fear, sexuality, and rites of passage.

There are many symbols in the books that point to sexual suggestions. I'm attracted to the unreachable garden; it's an image of desire and its dissatisfaction. In Freudian terms, it also suggests a conflict between the principles of reality and pleasure. Alice is close to a phallic symbol, in a flux between potency and impotency.

For me Alice's sexuality has more to do with a jump into the inner caves of the body, beyond fixed identities, than with specific psychoanalytic arguments. I avoid making the image an example of the theory that may be schematic. I want to be psychologically touched by the symbols more than by intellectual ideas; I'm an artist more than a theorist. But of course I'm familiar with psychology and psychoanalysis. I've read more Jung than Freud, mainly in connection with art and fairy tales.

KL: *Is such an open feminism important to your vision of Alice? Is the sexual aspect important? What do you think of other popular Alices, such as the Disney film, which avoid such issues or make them trivial? Does it matter?*

AP: I'm interested in feminist and sexual explorations when they are not obvious or those of a pamphleteer. I've recently read a beautiful and sensitive feminist and Jungian analysis of Tim Burton's *Alice*. The arguments were gorgeous but

I didn't connect it to the movie. Many critics try to fit art in their schemas; I have an open dialogue with theories to avoid that.

Disney's Alice is herself too conservative and superficial, to my taste; I like the movie more for the other characters, and also some of the visual solutions like the Cheshire Cat disappearing, the caterpillar smoking, and the hybrid and nonsensical characters that live in the woods, like the bread and butterfly which I love. But the movie

is more Disney than Carroll; we shouldn't compare them too much or ask for fidelity. The worst aspect of Disney's *Alice* is that people confuse it with the book. In fact I like everything connected to Alice, including what I don't like (laughs).

I believe the sexual aspects are important because they go deeper into Alice's corporal conflicts and her frustrated desires. Her body is in continuous metamorphoses and fluxes that sometimes fit, sometimes don't, which is sexual in a broader way. I identify with these aspects in particular.

The idea of the rite of passage is

also very intriguing in a more feminist approach. In a way Alice faces her identity and the obstacles of society to become closer to her inner strength. This point of view interests me, of course. Alice stimulates us to defy power, to defy the nonsense of social constraints. She opens new possibilities for children and woman as well. In this way it is a political book, showing that literature is not made to domesticate with morals, but to stimulate the independence of thought.

KL: *I would also say that a certain Freudian language of images is in your work, similar to Hans Bellmer. Is this deliberate?*

AP: I love Hans Bellmer. I believe he had a deep



From the 2010 series, Clalice, collages for a tale Adriana is writing in which she mixes Alice with the texts of the wonderful Brazilian writer Clarice Lispector. The collages include pictures based on Carroll's photographs, Julia Margaret Cameron's photographs and René Bour's drawings for a vintage French Alice edition.

impact on my work, as did other artists and many surrealists and also Dadaists like Raoul Hausmann and Hannah Höch. I'm also very influenced by contemporary artists like Svankmajer and the Brothers Quay. As I told you, I'm open to psychoanalytic analyses, but I don't go further into Freudian theories. I just read Freud's own texts after my Alice project and became engaged in particular with the idea of the uncanny, which also connects me to Bellmer. I have affinities with his dismembered dolls and reassembled bodies that point to an anguish related to the crisis of the body image and the identity as an integrated whole. I also identify with his conception of the body as an anagram that can be rewritten.

Psychoanalytic concepts were not the main point during my creative process, but I'm sure that what I read influenced me, as did my analytical personal process, which drew upon the influence of my own unconscious mind. I was also influenced by psychoanalysis through the surrealist movement.

KL: *Surrealist and even proto-surrealist influences seem so important in your work, but is this fair to Lewis Carroll? We know that he and his contemporaries visualized his work in a very literal, charming manner. The surrealist philosophy would probably have horrified him. Can we excuse ourselves from this "translator's betrayal"? Do you think that surrealism is within Lewis Carroll or have we imposed it, looking back from the twenty-first and twentieth centuries?*

AP: These are all big questions. I'm interested in what Carroll inspired after him as much as in what he proposed in his own time. I don't think he really was a surrealist but surrealism had an open mind to all manifestations that broke with a strict rational mind, opening it to other states of consciousness and a broader understanding of reality and language. I think Carroll's works fits in this universe. So he is in fact a very fertile surrealist inspiration.

I give lectures about the Alice transformations in the story of visual arts, the evolution of her visual representations in art and illustration. I love how she can change and become incorporated in the transformations of culture and the imaginary. I like to emphasize her plasticity, the way she grows, twists and turns, and is always becoming, from surrealism, psychedelic, gothic, steampunk, etc. I don't think it is a betrayal; it shows how deep her presence is in our culture and collective unconscious. In this way, I think

that her doubts about herself after several transformations continue during history. I don't know any literary character that has been represented in so many radically different ways.

As a collage artist, inspired by surrealism but not a surrealist, what interests me is the possibility to create new connections, propose displacements, freely appropriate. I intend to open new ways to see Carroll's works instead of becoming fixed in Victorian references. Whoever works with collage is always looking for new possibilities to play with the same images; it is like a semiotic game, a machine to re-signify. I learned to admire Tenniel's Alice, but I've spent a long time being disappointed by how many illustrators were fixated on his example instead of liberating the imagination. Alice liberates my imagination, that's why I still follow the white rabbit.

I love to subvert Tenniel, and I will dare to reconfigure him as much as I can.

Carroll knew that his works had a broader meaning, bigger than his own understanding. I think his illustrations are more intriguing than he himself understood. I'm publishing his manuscript of *Alice's Adventures under Ground* and have written a text about his illustrations. I believe that in a way they are opposite to Tenniel's. I think Tenniel's were adequate to the common Victorian taste, more conventional, formal, and rigid; Carroll's drawings are an invitation to strangeness, the unknown, and the under-



Humpty Dumpty says Bosch to all that. One of Adriana's illustrations for the book: Lewis Carroll era victoriana by Kátia Canton (2010). The book explores the Alice books along with Carroll's life and the historical context of the Victorian age. These are digital collages mixing Tenniel's illustrations with various famous paintings of art history, in this instance, Hieronymus Bosch's Garden of Earthly Delights.

ground. That's why I feel they have connections with Hieronymus Bosch and the surrealist bestiaries, creating monstrous, hybrid creatures like the gryphon and the mock turtle. Their illustrations are my favorites among all.

KL: *You seem interested in various literary/philosophical theories and systems. How is theory useful for a working artist such as you, when so many other artists (and readers) happily ignore it?*

AP: I look for ideas that propose new understandings of language, culture, and art. When I'm engaged in a work of illustration or art, I can read all kinds of texts that stimulate me to present the literary text in a more disturbing, provocative, and unusual way. I'm interested in everything that opens new doors in my imagination and way of thinking. What I read influences me a lot, but many times when I create I forget the theory, although it may still be working in the background.

For my *Wonderland* and *Looking-Glass* illustrations I read many articles and theories, then I chose two main references. One was the approach of the *Annotated Alice* (which wasn't known in Brazil at that time) to show that the book was not a silly

party, as Disney suggested. I wanted to demonstrate how it was grounded in the reality of its time, the author's life, mathematics, logic, and scientific references, etc. It gave multiple levels to my work since I was always mixing my characters and the linguistic inventions with photographs of Carroll, Alice, and other references. It presented a possibility to operate inside and

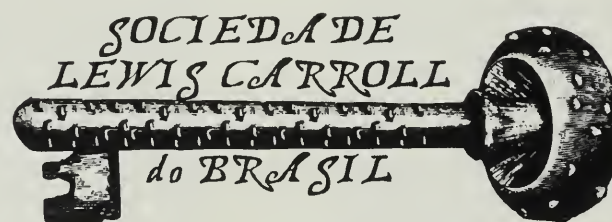
outside the story, to sew in references, play with reality and imagination, etc.

I also became fascinated by Gilles Deleuze and his *The Logic of Sense*. This is a very complex work but also very powerful, deconstructing the whole system of occidental logic and recreating our understanding of language, sense, and reality. When I did the *Wonderland* characters and illustrations I was thinking of Deleuze's concepts of the division of bodies and "surface events," of the bodies in their deep, logical attributes and the surface events that flow on the surface of the sense. It's difficult to explain even in my own language, so I won't go further in English, to avoid misunderstandings.

The point is that Carroll, for Deleuze, proposes a series of paradoxes questioning both good sense and common sense. I also followed this path.



Messrs. Carroll and Dodgson subsumed by the Brothers Dum!
Another illustration from Kátia Canton's book, in this case utilizing Giuseppe Arcimboldo's painting, *The Librarian*.



The logo of the Lewis Carroll Society of Brazil, a key that opens doors into other dimensions, designed by Adriana Peliano. (2009)

Am I Blue?

MARK BURSTEIN

Ask anyone what color Alice's dress is and they'll undoubtedly reply, "Why, blue, of course." Unless you happen to be talking to a Carrollian who knows that the only *authorized* color edition, *The Nursery Alice* in 1890, which was colored by Tenniel and featured a cover by E. Gertrude Thom-

son, depicts her wearing a *corn yellow* frock throughout, though the apron is trimmed with blue and sports a large blue bow. The equally authorized Wonderland Postage-stamp Case (1889) and De La Rue card game (1894) also show her in a yellow dress. End of story.



Above, left: *The Nursery Alice*, 1890

Above, right: *De La Rue card game*, 1894

Left: *The Wonderland Postage-Stamp Case*, 1889



Top left: McKay, 1912

Top right: Crowell, 1893 (Wonderland)

Below right: Crowell, 1893 (Looking-Glass)



Not quite. American publisher Thomas Crowell published a fine edition in 1893 with one color frontispiece, depicting her in a blue frock, in each of the two books. Randomly looking through editions, authorized or un-, that appeared around that time and feature at least one color plate, I notice, for example, a McLoughlin Brothers edition of *Wonderland* from 1903 in which her dress is red on the cover yet charreuse in the frontispiece. Many other pictorial covers from that period have her in red, and frontispieces or interior illustrations dress her in either red, dark orange, or yellow (I am just looking at the Tenniels and Tenniel knock-offs, not those by other artists such as Rackham).





Above, left: Macmillan Little Folks, 1903
 Above, right: Macmillan Little Folks, 1907
 Left: Hurst, 1904
 Below: Donohue, c. 1901

In 1903, Macmillan issued "The Little Folks' Edition" of *Wonderland* and *Looking-Glass* "adapted for very little folks from the original story," in which the 32 Tenniel illustrations in them had been simplified, redrawn, and then colored. Alice wears a blue dress throughout, which is likely to have been the origin of this particular canard. However, fascinatingly, in the second Little Folks' Edition (1907), her dress is consistently red! The illustrations had reverted to the original Tenniels, but now were colored. Was it a marketer's decision? A printer's? Mrs. Hargreaves's?



Then, in 1911, Macmillan released a combined *Wonderland/Looking-Glass* “with sixteen new colour plates” (Harry Theaker did the honors)—and there her dress is, once again, blue. Despite an American release of the “Little Folks” red-dress edition as “Wee Books for Wee Folks” by Altamus in 1926, blue was pretty much ingrained. Certainly the 1946 Random House boxed set with the Fritz Kredel coloring and a few years later, Mary Blair’s characteristic hue for her dress in Disney’s 1951 film sealed the deal, at least as far as popular culture goes.

Curiouser and curiouser.

I am indebted to Selwyn Goodacre, Frankie Morris, Brian Sibley, Cary Sternick, and Edward Wake-ling for assistance. Goodacre’s article “So What Should Alice Wear?” (Dodo News No.12, August 1992, from the Daresbury Dodo Club for children) informs this as well.



Disney, 1951

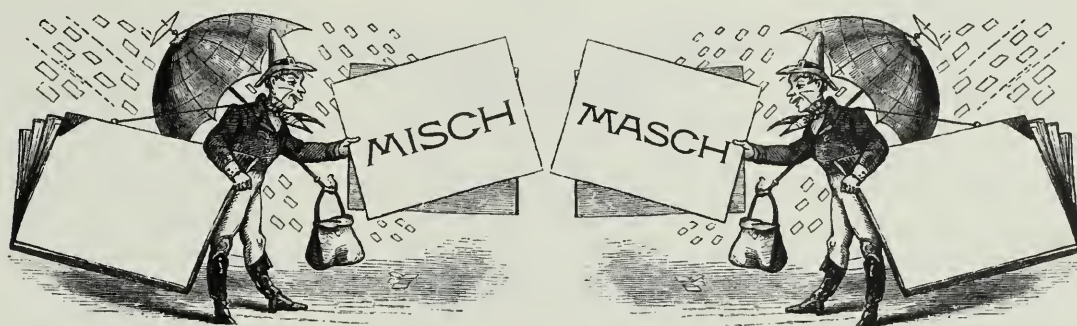


Random House, 1946



Zits by Jerry Scott and Jim Borgman





Leaves from The Deanery Garden



What is the current copyright state of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, *Through the Looking-Glass*, and *The Hunting of the Snark* books? More-or-less trustworthy sources on the Internet (Project Gutenberg and Wikipedia), indicate that these books are in the public domain. I'm asking this because I am trying to create a comic where Alice is a character and Wonderland and the Looking-Glass world are part of the settings. I have been told that as long as my sources are the books, I can quote Carroll's work with no fear. However, I have also been told that Disney is apparently the current "owner" of *Alice in Wonderland* in North America. I find that hard to believe, especially since ABC just released a mini-series about Alice as well.

So, are the books truly in the public domain? Are there adaptation rights that belong to someone? Or does Disney only have rights on their "version" of the

story? My project only references the original books. Should there be problems?

Thank you so much for shedding light on this little shadow in my mind.

Isabelle Melançon

LCSNA President Andrew Sellon responds:

You are correct that all three of Charles Dodgson's (Lewis Carroll's) greatest literary works are now in the public domain. In fact, they have been for many years now. You are also correct that Disney can only copyright their own original content. By the way, a few years ago Disney actually partnered with Slave Labor Graphics to produce a Tommy Kovac/Sonny Liew comic series called Wonderland (originally in six issues, now in a single hardcover volume as well), which in part pokes fun at the visual style of their animated Alice from 1951. You might want to have a look at that; it's quite good. You might also want to browse our website a bit more, as it has a lot of information that might provide

you with additional ideas for your own project.

While the works are in public domain, it would of course be only appropriate for you to cite that your own work is "inspired by the works of Lewis Carroll," or something like that, to give Lewis Carroll his fair due. Send us the link when you post your work, and we can note it on our blog, in our Facebook group, etc., to help generate some more interest in your work. Good luck with your project!

A follow-up to letters in KL 84:

Mr. Sellon,

Thank you so much for your time. I like your idea about reliable sources and research.

I have just shared your letter with my 11th grade students. They listened intently. What happened next was that one student said, "We should read the book," and another said, "Why don't we have a party and wear costumes?" so we decided that we will be having

an end-of-the-year “Wonderland Costume Party.” I’m thinking that they can recite some of their own poems and some of Carroll’s. “Brillig” idea!

Of course, all the computers in the classroom will be showing your website.

*Monie Rude-Scrivner
Stockton, CA*



LCSNA’s website is dynamic and friendly and conveys unrelenting enthusiasm for all things Carrollian.

*Liz Ainley of Storypods Audio-books
Oxford, England*



I have a simple question . . . well, one that would seem simple but has exhausted me the past few days trying to answer. I remember a line from the 1951 Disney’s *Alice in Wonderland*. The line is Alice saying, “If I had a world of my own, everything would be nonsense. Nothing would be what it is because everything would be what it isn’t. And contrary-wise; what it is it wouldn’t be, and what it wouldn’t be, it would. You see?” However, I have recently

purchased a new version of *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* with illustrations by Camille Rose Garcia, and upon re-reading the childhood classic I realized that quote from Alice was nowhere to be found. I took further steps to try to find the quote in Carroll’s literature but have been unsuccessful in every attempt, yet all over the Internet it is cited as a Lewis Carroll quote. Am I missing a reading, or is this just a Disney-added quote which Carroll is now credited with? Thank you so much if you’re able to shed any light on this for me.

Jarrod Medlen

LCSNA President Andrew Sellon responds:

Trust your eyes. If it’s not in the books, Carroll didn’t write it. The lines you cite were created by Disney’s scriptwriters. While occasionally you might see a stage or TV/film adaptation of the Alice books that tries to use large chunks of Carroll’s own words, it’s typical in adaptations for the producers/writers to attempt to go their own way with dialogue. Some attempts

evoke the spirit of Carroll more successfully than others, but frankly none of the adaptations can hold a candle to Carroll’s own witty wordplay. You may have missed that in the opening credits of the 1951 Disney film, they actually misspell “Carroll”! So that gives you some warning that their focus in that charming film was not primarily on accuracy.

*It’s also not unusual to find misinformation about Lewis Carroll and his works (and just about any other subject under the sun) on the Internet. You had the good instincts to go to the original source material. That’s always the best way to find out the truth of the matter. Our website and that of our sister organization in the U.K. contain a wealth of information and commentary on Carroll’s life and works, so you might want to browse both a bit more, as well as check out our site’s blog for a more pop culture angle. If you enjoyed reading the original book, I encourage you to pick up an unexpurgated copy of *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There*, as well as the brilliant *The Hunting of the Snark*. The writing in both books is remarkable, and both offer some fascinating authorial colors not shown in the first Alice book.*



“She watched with curiosity as I picked up a battered old *Alice in Wonderland*. With shaking hands I groped for a synchronicity in the pages and as I greedily read through the passage I had chosen, she asked me what it said. Surprised and embarrassed, I read it out to her:

‘She was getting a little giddy with so much floating in the air and was rather glad to find herself walking again in the natural way.’”

*From The First Verse by
Barry McCrea, Carroll & Graf
Publishers, New York, 2005.*



“Mr. Patel . . . concluded that Mr. Creme was ‘a sweet, pleasant old man’ who ultimately ‘was like the Red Queen in *Alice in Wonderland* who said she could believe

six impossible things before breakfast.”

From “Meeting the Man Who Made Him the (Mistaken) Messiah” by Scott James, New York Times, August 20, 2010, about the meeting between author and economist Raj Patel and mystic Benjamin Creme of Share International, who had identified Patel as the messiah.

“Tess the chambermaid had been left behind in the bedchamber, curled up with *Alice in Wonderland*, murmuring ‘Blimey!’ each time an amazing thing happened, which was every other paragraph.”

From The Birthday Ball by Lois Lowry, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing, New York, 2010.



“Somewhere near the top in the fantasy section [of the list of recently published books for children] comes *Alice in Orchestra Land* (COBENDEN-SANDERSON, 3/6), a partial parody which sets out to let small people know about odd things such as tubas and double-bassoons, and does this very entertainingly. I say ‘partial’ because Mr. ERNEST LA PRADE has borrowed CARROLL’s framework without trying to imitate his magic lunacy which mitigates the heresy of his act.”

From an anonymous review, Punch, December 12, 1934.

While visiting Bohemia, the author comments, “Bohemia had been a Protestant country at the outset of the Thirty Years’ War. It was Catholic once more at its close and as free of heresy as . . . the sea-shore of oyster-response at the end of ‘The Walrus and the Carpenter.’” Later, while visiting Slovakia, he finds a cache of his host’s daughters’ childhood books. The *Alice* books are there; he begins to read them, and that launches a discus-

sion about his habit of thinking backwards—imagining words as they would be spelled in reverse order—and reciting poetry to himself with all the words backwards.

From A Time of Gifts by Patrick Leigh Fermor, John Murray Ltd, 1977; reprinted by New York Review of Books Classics, 2005.

“He had a pile of English books, some from the British Council Library, some with USIS stickers. I remember a thin one, *Shane*, about an American village much like Punjab, and *Alice in Wonderland*, which gave me nightmares.”

From Jasmine by Bharati Mukherjee, Grove Weidenfeld, 1989; reprinted by Fawcett (pb), 1991.

“A fortunate arrival, Bea thought, as Jane and Al hugged Shimmer and introduced Coral. Now they could talk of something else. Ships or shoes or sealing wax. Anything.”

From In the Family Way by Lynne Sharon Schwartz, William Morrow and Company, Inc., New York, 1999.

“The only solo child in any such adventure that ever showed up in these old books was stolid aproned Alice, who wandered through Wonderland more or less alone, with only her own hydroencephalic head to keep her company. That is: Alice slowly going mad. Who could blame her?”

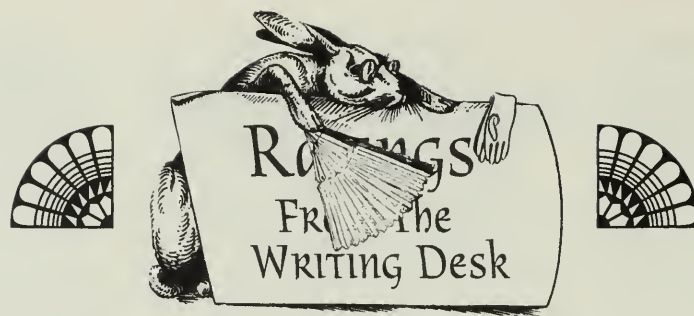
From “Puz_le” by Gregory Maguire, a short story collected in The Dragon Book, Jack Dann and Gardner Dozois, editors, Ace Books, New York, 2009.

After encountering a young woman crying a “rolling flood of gummy tears,” the main character notes that, “Lower down the steps, a mouse was swimming to safety.” The book also includes a chapter titled “The Duchess and the Cook.”

From I Shall Wear Midnight by Terry Pratchett, HarperCollins, New York, 2010.

While browsing the book sellers at the Edinburgh Book Fair, restoration expert Brooklyn Wainwright “spied an illustrated *Alice In Wonderland* and rushed over to examine it. It was a 1927 edition in spring green leather, mint condition, with heavy gilding around the edges and on the spine. Ornate dentelles decorated the inside front and back covers. There was a wonderful gilt-tooled White Rabbit on the center of the front cover, checking his pocket watch, and a scolding Queen of Hearts on the back. It was delightful. Expensive, but worth it.” There is only one other reference to the book after its purchase—“that it isn’t really a children’s story!”

From If Books Could Kill: A Bibliophile Mystery by Kate Carlisle, Signet, 2010.



OF MARK BURSTEIN

“Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what is this on my head?” she exclaimed in a tone of dismay, as she put her hands up to something very heavy, that fitted tight all round her head.”

I suppose I'll now just have to get used to the private jet, the luxury yacht, the bodyguards, and all the other perks that come with being an LCSNA president. Oh, right. Reality. In all seriousness, I am pleased with, humbled by, and a bit terrified of assuming the mantle of Society president. As the first (but undoubtedly not the last) president whose parent also served in this vaunted office (Sandor having done so from 1983–84)—a dynasty I'd rather associate with John and John Quincy than George and George W—and also as the former Warden of Outland, a title bestowed upon me by **Peter Heath** when I functioned in a similar capacity for the West Coast Chapter of the LCSNA (1979–87), I hope that I may live up to the amazing precedents (pun unavoidable) that our eleven former presidents have set in a leadership tradition going back to **Stan Marx**.

I cannot say enough, nor ever fully express our thanks to **Andrew Sellon** for his stalwart and exemplary guidance over these last four years, in which he has produced excellent meetings, helped to design and manifest a wonderful new incarnation of the website, and even run the *Knight Letter* for five issues, but let me try: thank you very much, Andrew.

Enormous thanks are also due to **Edward Guiliano**, who kindly arranged for superb facilities for our New York meeting, and to him and the other speakers who made it so memorable.

Some big shout-outs are due to our KNIGHT LETTER staff. Our fearless leader for the past two and this present issue, **Sarah Adams-Kiddy**, is expecting twins in February! Hence she is resigning from most editorial duties until her time is once again, more or less, her own. The dashing **Mahendra Singh**, who has edited the Rectory Umbrella for that same period, is taking over as editor in chief, beginning next issue. And we also very much want to acknowledge former president **Alan Tannenbaum**, who has been supplying our magazine with the photographs of speakers at our meetings for many a year.

Our next meeting will be in Everybody's Favorite City, San Francisco, at the headquarters of Archive.org, whose mission is to digitize the world. Their facilities include a lovely desanctified church, where we will hold the meeting, and one of their digitizing centers (worldwide, they average a thousand books a day, not to mention making an accessible backup of the entire Internet every two weeks!). The next day will feature an open house at my ranch in Petaluma, a town once known for its chicken farms run by Yiddish-speaking farmers (poultry was replaced by dairy a half-century ago), and famed as the birthplace of Snoopy. It is in scenic Sonoma County, the heart of California's wine country, and a 45-minute drive from San Francisco. The Burstein Collection is housed in a three-story tower, and selected highlights will be on display. As we go to press, not much else, even the exact date, is known, but I promise you an unforgettable inaugural meeting.



What's a Snark?

MARK JARMON

for Lewis Carroll

"What's a Snark?" I must ask you
Please answer me this if you can.
Or should I ask you, *who?*
Is it bird, or fish, or man?

"What's a Snark?" I have asked it twice
That alone should perk up your ears.
"What's a Snark?" I have asked it thrice
This puzzle has had me for years.

I've been planning a quest for months now
On the back of an old railway stub
But I can't seem to find any answers
And, aye, isn't that just the rub!

I've checked Cook's maps from his journeys
I've read Cousteau's logs from his dives
A sea hag munched "hurlyburly"
I avoided a Mariner's eye.

I then had the notion to travel the ocean
(for that's where Snarks live, you see)
But I hadn't a boat, nor nothing to float
So I never did push out to sea.

So back to the books for a couple of looks
To see where this Snark may keep rest
But King James and Webster and Britannica too
Were also dead ends in my quest.

You can see of this quest I was somewhat obsessed
And the time it had gotten away here
I started at quarter to five in October
And now it was going on New Year.

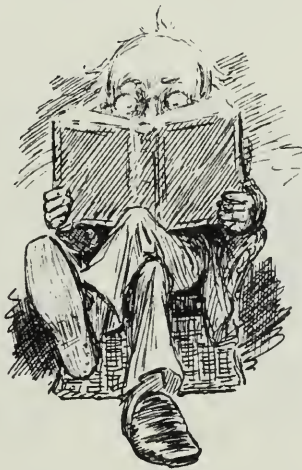
I needed some rest, (oh I needed some rest!)
So I rested my eyes for a minute
Then wouldn't you know, down a hole I did go
With cupboards of marmalade in it.

I was falling so long, I was falling so slow
But the bottom it finally came
And there stood a man with a bell in his hand
And a book of celestial names.

He said with a grin, "Hello Mr. Jim.
I can show you that thing which you seek."
So he opened his book and gave me a look
Saying "Careful-now-Jim-just-one-peek!"

"A Snark" (it read) "*is a creature that lives
In the dreams of little ones' heads,
But as you grow older and sights get much colder
The poor Snark goes belly up dead!*"

So keep a young soul, whenever you go
For a stroll through the midsummer park
'Cause you never will know, oh the places you'll go!
When you'll get to be, so to speak, snarked.



*Mr. Jarmon is a high-school English teacher in New Jersey.
His poem was originally published in the Canadian children's magazine Crow Toes Quarterly, Vol. 3, Issue 1,
No. 9, January 2009.*

Lewis Carroll Tests Out Jabberwocky

JENN THORSON

The woman was packed into her black Victorian dress, her hair piled high, bearing plumes that bobbed like an exotic bird looking to attract another exotic bird for an afternoon of passion and seed.

As the audience before her clapped, she announced, "... And next, we will have a reading from Rev. Charles Dodgson, who plans quite a treat for us. He says he's been writing a bit in his spare time, and today will recite a poem of his very own creation. I haven't heard it yet myself, so we'll all be surprised and delighted together. Welcome, Rev. Dodgson. I expect your poetry to enlighten and inspire us all."

Young Charles Lutwidge Dodgson stepped to the podium, and felt the sweat bead up around his starched collar. He hadn't shared this with anyone yet, and he knew it was a little risky.

Normally, at these sorts of functions, he just stood up and read Tennyson's *LADY OF SHALOTT* and was done with it. But there had already been three Lady of Shalotts today. The lady could only die so many times in one afternoon. The moment begged variety.

And variety he would give them.

"Um, thank . . . thank you," he said. "It's a pleasure to be with you all today. I . . . I've been working on

something new. Er, different, I think. And I . . . Um. . . I'm not sure how . . . Well, you see, this piece was . . . was . . . Well, maybe it's just best I begin."

The room grew quiet. He cleared his throat.

"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

He paused for effect, but could hear the murmurs in the crowd. "What language is that?" whispered one.

"Native Australian. They've borogoves in the Outback," responded another, more informed gentleman.

"I had slithy toves in my garden once," mumbled someone near the back. "Dreadful pests. Had to use lime on them."

"What part of the Bible is this?" murmured a lady in gray flannel, flipping unsettled through her pocket Bible. "Book of Isaiah?"

The Bird of Paradise at the front of the room flushed, looking like the pressure building up might shoot her clear from corset and all. "Shhh, everyone. PLEASE. . . Oh, I AM sorry, Rev. Dodgson, please do go on."



Deborah Brody
Jerome Bump
Don Charney
Jim Domiano
Michael Dupler
Cary Elza
David C. Jones
Ricardo Jaramillo

Sarah Jardine-Willoughby

Robert Kass
Jane Masterson
Robert Mitchell
Amy Plummer
Cathy Rubin
Thomas Schrack
Valerie Taricco
John Tyo



Charles Dodgson gave her a tight smile and cleared his throat again.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the jubjub bird and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

In the crowd eyebrows were raised. Cheeks were pale. Eyes were wide. He caught a vague, "WHAT did he say?"

"Gloomius band of snatch, I think."

"Well, that hardly sounds appropriate for mixed company! And from a clergyman, too."

An old lady who'd only heard half of it, shouted, "Is this not THE LADY OF SHALOTT, then?"

Dodgson tugged at his collar, which was damp and wilting now, but he determined to proceed on. Perhaps the problem was he just needed to give it a bit more energy for it to really grip:

"He took his **vorp**al sword in
hand:
Long time the **manxome** foe he
sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought."

"Who's the fellow with the purple sword again?" hissed a lady in the front row to her sister.

"I don't know. But he's fighting someone who speaks Manx."

Dodgson decided that maybe louder was the way to go, now, and upped the volume.

"But, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock with eyes of flame
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood
And burred as it came!"

"Isn't Tulgey somewhere near Cheshire?"

"Devon, I think. Is this fellow quite all right?"

"Always heard he was a bit strange."

Desperate to get through the poem with any degree of success, Dodgson grabbed up a nearby lady's parasol and swept it aloft like a mighty broadsword. He knew he should have brought some props, but this would just have to do.

"One, two! One, two! And through and through,
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!"

"He's having a fit!" a woman cried, standing up in her concern.

"Someone help the poor man!"

The lady with all the plumes had gone completely crimson now, and rushed to his side—just as the parasol accidentally popped open, sending a second potential assistant backwards into the front row

The Bird of Paradise took his arm and made soothing sounds, patting him. "There, there, Rev. Dodgson." She was leading him from the podium now, while someone picked up Mr. Evans from row one.

"I'm fine, honestly," the young clergyman insisted. "It . . . It's just a bit of nonsense, really, I—"

"Alice, dear, fetch Rev. Dodgson a Glass of water, would you? . . . There's a good girl."

"It's for children, you know," he persisted. "There were just so terribly many Shalotts and—"

"Mad as a hatter, that one," someone whispered.

"Mad as a March hare," agreed someone else sadly.

"Completely off of his head."



IN MEMORIAM

It is with great sadness that we report the passing of
Deborah Epstein. A member of the society for over 20 years,
she attended and contributed to many meetings.



"THE ANTIPATHIES, I THINK—"

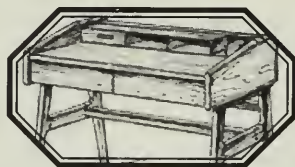
Lester R. Dickey

On page 28 of Martin Gardner's *The Annotated Alice*, Alice is falling down the rabbit-hole, and as the trip is taking so long, she begins to speculate as to how far she has fallen. Of special interest to her is whether she will "'fall right through the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! The Antipathies, I think—' (she was rather glad that there *was* no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all like the right word) '—but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?'" Gardner lets this stand without annotation in both *The Annotated Alice* and *More Annotated Alice*.

Obviously, "antipathies" is not "at all the right word." She meant "Antipodes." *The Oxford Companion to the English Language* (Oxford University Press, 1992) gives the etymology as "through Latin from Greek *antípodes* plural of *antípous/antípodos* having the foot opposite. . . . A term first applied in English to the people of Ethiopia, once thought to live on the opposite side of the globe; by the 16c, applied to places di-



Carrollian Notes



rectly opposite one another on the surface of the earth and to that place directly 'under' one's own location. A group of islands opposite Greenwich in England to the south-east of New Zealand was named *the Antipodes* in 1800. From the 1830s, British travelers to Australia and New Zealand (but especially Australia) were encouraged by the reversal of the seasons and the unusualness of the flora and fauna to see an antipodean 'world turned upside down', in which 'everything goes by contraries'."

Alice is extremely accurate, given the knowledge and custom of the time, in her definition of "antipodes." Even the unattributed quotes in the *Oxford Companion*, "world turned upside down" and "everything goes by contraries" seem particularly appropriate to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

In retrospect, Alice's use of the word "antipathies" seems strangely well chosen: "Contrariety of feeling, disposition or nature (between persons or things); natural contrariety or incompatibility," according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*. There is certainly enough "contrariety of feeling, disposition or nature" in *Wonderland* to justify her use of the word.

The Antipodes are an uninhabited group of islands, part of New Zealand, encompassing 24 square miles. Since the Lory, mentioned in *Wonderland*, is a parrot native to Australia and surrounding areas, possibly it is also a denizen of the Antipodes.

"World turned upside down" is from Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621). It also is found in the *King James Bible*, Acts 17:6. I was not able to find an contemporary attribution for "everything goes by contraries" except for a similar phrase in *David Copperfield*, Chapter 3, "everythink goes contrary with me." Incidentally, Acts 17:7, the verse following the "world turned upside down," uses the word "contrary." "Contrariwise," the favorite word of Tweedledee in *Through the Looking-Glass*, appears three times in the *King James Bible*: 2 Corinthians 2:7, Galatians 2:7, and 1 Peter 3:9. Since Carroll (Dodgson) was a minister, he, consciously or otherwise, may have picked up some of the unusual words and phrases in *Wonderland* from the Bible.



ALICE SPEAKS

David Schaefer

Alice has always been a challenge for motion picture producers. Whenever an advance in film techniques has occurred, an *Alice* sporting these improvements has appeared. Even though many of the productions have not been considered outstanding examples of film art, they have provided a powerful stimulus to continued interest in the *Alice* stories.

In 1931, *Alice* entered the sound motion picture era with, as the ads at the time stated, "the first articulated *Alice*." For many years this film version of *Wonderland*, the "Bud Pollard *Alice*," was considered "lost," even though there were some copies around, including one in my own *Alice* film closet. It shed its lost distinction at the October 17, 2009, LCSNA meeting (KL 83:5) at the Fort Lee, New Jersey, Historical Center, where it was screened mere blocks away from where it had been produced 78 years earlier. Included in the audience were the daughter and the grandchildren of Ruth

Gilbert, the film's star. They had never before seen the film.

A direct result of the meeting is that today the film is widely mentioned on the Internet, including a clip from the film along with individual frames on YouTube.

My 16mm copy of the film was purchased around 1970, after my wife had found an *Alice in Wonderland* listed (without annotation) in a magazine called *The Big Reel*. We took a chance that the advertised film might be an *Alice* that we did not already have in our Lewis Carroll film collection, and ordered it. What arrived in the mail was this primitive sound film—the “lost” *Alice*!

Unlike other *Alice* productions, this version is basically true to the book—except for the love interest between the White Rabbit and the Duchess! Evidently the producers felt that even for a child's movie, there had to be some romance and decided on this most unlikely combination.

The opening and closing credits of the film are accompanied by a full-orchestra rendition of Irving Berlin's “Come Along with Alice,” a song written for the 1916 Broadway musical *Century Girl*. There is no indication that Irving Berlin gave permission for use of his song, and there is no identification of the orchestra or of the male vocalist.

This *Alice* was filmed at the Metropolitan Studios in Fort Lee, New Jersey, with Bud Pollard directing. Pollard worked with marginal groups at the fringes of the motion picture industry, producing and directing B-minus motion pictures. Many times he simply added the new technology of sound to silent films in the public domain. His films were aimed at niche audiences, audiences that Hollywood ignored. He produced films in Italian and Yiddish, and “race films” for the black population. In 1931, Pollard felt he had found another niche audience with his *Alice*—children.

Ruth Gilbert's employment as Alice must have been her first job after graduation from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in 1930. Subsequently, she worked in live theater, up to 1952, when she became a regular on *The Milton Berle Show*. She later taught at the Lee Strasberg acting school in New York.

The supporting cast had varied backgrounds. The Duchess and Mock Turtle had silent careers starting in 1911, and the Cook, King of Hearts, and Hatter had live stage experience. The Gryphon and Caterpillar continued to work in sound films (they were both munchkins in *The Wizard of Oz*), while the White Rabbit's career included silent, sound, and stage productions.

The first published mention of the film is a news item from the June 21, 1931, edition of the *New York Times* reporting that “*Alice in Wonderland* is the first production in a series of four talking pictures planned especially for child audiences by an independent cinema group known as Unique-Cosmos Pictures with offices in the Film Centre Building in this city. The features are to be produced at the Metropolitan Studios in Fort Lee, N.J., where *Alice in Wonderland* is now before the cameras.”

The initial review of the film (well before its release) in the trade magazine *Film Daily* was not complimentary. It considered the film to be a “mildly entertaining adaptation of a fairy tale good only for kids and non-theatrical trade.” Later on it opined that “even the kiddies may be considerably bored due to lack of action or interesting talk.” Ninety percent of the uninteresting talk was Lewis Carroll's own words.

The first theatrical showing was a “special children's performance” at the Roxy Theater in Manhattan on the morning of Saturday, December 5, 1931. In its notice about this presentation, *Film Daily* iden-

tified the film only as “recently made here (in an eastern studio) with Charles Levine as chief cameraman.”

The film had its official premiere at the Warner Theater, the same theater where *The Jazz Singer* had premiered four years earlier. Billed as “The First Children's Talkie to reach the screen,” *Alice* started its run at 9:30 a.m. on Christmas day of 1931. During its stay at the Warner there were “FREE toys for the Children” on the 25th, 26th, and 27th. On the 28th, 29th, and 30th, this was reduced to “FREE candy.” New Year's Day saw *Alice* replaced by *Safe in Hell*. There is some speculation as to how the film ever got booked into such a prestigious venue as the Warner in the first place.

New York Times critic Mordaunt Hall reviewed the film on December 28, and was kinder than the *Film Daily* review mentioned earlier, noting that “There is an earnestness about the direction and the acting that elicits sympathy, for poor little Alice had to go through the ordeal of coming to shadow life in an old studio in Fort Lee, N.J., instead of enjoying the manifold advantages of her rich cousins who hop from printed pages to the screen amid the comforts of a well-equipped Hollywood studio . . . although it will probably meet with favor from youngsters who go to see an articulate Alice on the screen.”

Aside from the New York showings, only six other presentations in U.S. theatres can be documented. Five of these occurred during the Christmas season of 1931. In 1934, there was a showing in Atlanta.

But what about showings in locations other than theaters? In August of 1931, *Film Daily* had the news that the *Alice* film would be “reduced to a 16mm film for release simultaneously with the regular theatrical release.” The move,

they claimed, was made necessary “by the demand for the series by non-theatrical users throughout the country.” *Educational Screen* was more specific, stating that the film would be “available in 35mm film with sound and in 16mm versions either sound or silent.”

In what format were the 16mm films to be issued? The sound was probably on a phonograph record. It was not until 1933 that the American Standards Association adopted a standard for 16mm sound on film production. The film shown at the Fort Lee meeting was produced from my film (16mm sound on film on DuPont-manufactured film base). DuPont data indicates that this film stock was produced sometime before 1940.

Showings of the film in schools or churches would have provided the greatest impact on continuing interest in *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*. 16mm sound films could be shown in schools, churches, factories, and other non-theatrical locations. During and after World War II, 16mm sound projectors became very popular. Whether partial 16mm versions of the film were ever produced is not known, but if they were, they would have been very suitable for classroom use.

On December 22, 1933, Paramount released their expensive Hollywood version of *Alice* that starred Charlotte Henry and included practically every one of their big stars.

On May 19, 1933 *Motion Picture Daily* gave a tongue-in-cheek “Tip to Paramount.” The tip: “Competition looms on *Alice in Wonderland*. The independent who made the same story in Jersey three years ago and didn’t get much of a play at the time is figuring on a reissue, 25 prints strong.” Perhaps the print shown in Atlanta was one of these 25.

In any case, *Mop Head Alice* (as my family referred to the film, because of Alice’s unbecoming wig) may have had its troubles, but Alice did speak, and in October

of 2009, the northern New Jersey press proudly proclaimed that “Alice was originally a Jersey girl!”

Thanks to August Imholtz for aid in locating theater showings, and to Richard Koszarski, Tom Myers, and Nelson Page for their assistance in setting up the Fort Lee meeting, and providing valuable information.



**GUILDFORD:
A LEWIS CARROLL SOCIETY
STUDY WEEKEND,
JULY 15–18, 2010**

August A. Imholtz, Jr.

After Archdeacon Charles Dodgson’s death on June 21, 1868, his oldest son, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, was responsible for his seven unmarried sisters and three younger brothers. One of the pressing tasks he confronted was moving out of the rural rectory of Croft, where they had lived for almost 25 years, so it could be made ready for the next incumbent. After some deliberation, the family settled on the town of Guildford in Surrey, and in October of 1868 they let at £73 per annum the very first house they looked at, the Chestnuts—a Victorian villa adjacent to the grounds and ruins of Guildford Castle, whose origins are said to go back to the eleventh century.

And so we found ourselves in Guildford and its environs this past July for a splendid long weekend of lectures, tours, and dinners, all brilliantly organized by Mark and Catherine Richards and ably assisted by Matthew and Margaret Heaton. Our first two days of lectures were held at the University of Surrey’s School of Management. The delegates to the weekend meeting came from America, Finland, France, Japan, and of course Britain.

But why did Dodgson choose Guildford? Why not Oxford, or London, or elsewhere in or beyond Surrey? That was the question to which Roger Allen

provided some very convincing, if in the end unavoidably speculative, answers in the introductory lecture of the weekend program, “The Dodgson Family at Guildford.” The Dodgson’s family’s presence in Oxford could have made more demands on his time than he could in conscience satisfy, and although Roger did not say it, one might suspect they could have felt slightly out of place there, academically and socially. Why not London? Their presence might well have restricted Dodgson’s social life, and London certainly would have been more expensive than rural Guildford. Still, why Guildford? In addition to the attractiveness of the town and the charm of the Surrey Downs, Guildford was easily accessible by train from London as well as from Oxford. Also, Dodgson had several friends in the neighboring villages, such as George Portal, vicar of Albury, and he later made acquaintances of people of his social class and varied interests.

We visited the Guildford Museum, which had on display varied materials ranging from such rarities as Alice’s own copy of *Through the Looking-Glass*, to Dodgson’s surplice with its oversized sleeves, to Victorian toys and Wonderland artifacts. The ebullient Marjorie Williams then led us on a walking tour of the town, including a descent into a crypt, now below office flats, where King Henry III’s men may have stored their beer while the King stayed at Guildford Castle; the White Hart Inn, where Dodgson sometimes stayed when the Chestnuts became too crowded; Archbishop Abbot’s Hospital of the Blessed Trinity; and the splendid Guildhall—its bar looking like the illustration of the courtroom bar in the *Wonderland* trial chapter.

Back at the university, I gave a brief after-dinner talk on the true identity of Lewis Carroll as revealed in nineteenth-century American newspaper accounts

[KL 84: 8]. I also answered some questions on how access to massive full-text databases is changing research techniques.

If Roger Allen had provided the beginning of the Dodgson-Guildford story, Charlie Lovett discussed its end. Friday morning began with his excellent illustrated lecture entitled “Thy Will Be Done: Charles Dodgson, Death, and Afterlife.” He placed Dodgson’s attitude toward death in its Victorian context, discussing both the religious and social aspects, which are not always easy to distinguish at this remove. Charlie quoted Michael Wheeler’s *Death and the Future Life in Victorian Literature and Theology* on the typical Victorian protocol of death. Dodgson used faith, logic, and scholarship to approach his death, yet death seemed to remain for him the final bending toward divine will. Charlie supported his thesis with quotations from Dodgson’s letters and even from *Sylvie and Bruno*. By the late nineteenth century, a cult of pastoral, in the bucolic sense, burial developed. Dodgson had insisted that his funeral be simple, with no pomp or circumstance. Dodgson’s grave in Guildford’s Mount Cemetery is marked by a simple white cross atop three steps, signifying that he was a churchman.

Charlie generously provided a booklet he had put together to each delegate, “The Funeral and Burial of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson: A Reconstruction Based on Contemporary Sources,” which included a CD-ROM of the music from Dodgson’s funeral, sung by Janice Lovett. Our conference packets already included a marvelous assortment of things: copies of the 1871 and 1881 Census pages listing the inhabitants of the Chestnuts, a version of the “Guildford Gazette Extraordinary” (a very rare Dodgson piece) faithfully recreated by Mark Richards, a postcard of an 1868 view of the Chestnuts, and more.

Next, Selwyn Goodacre, in “The Incomplete Works of Charles Dodgson,” discussed what Dodgson was working on before he died, and what we might have been given had he lived longer. These included a proposed geometry-for-boys book, a collection of theological essays (mentioned in a June 1885 letter to Macmillan), various Bible collections for the young, including selections to be memorized (surely not from Leviticus!), letters to an unidentified agnostic, a “family Shakespeare,” possible further merchandizing of themes and things based on the *Alice* books, more items like his “Guildford Gazette Extraordinary,” which Selwyn saw as a good example of Dodgson’s proto-Saki adult humor, additional puzzles like those published in *Vanity Fair*, and something called “transcendental logic.”

Mark Richards spoke briefly about “Drummond, Percy, Portal, and Albury.” Henry Drummond (1786–1860) was a very successful banker (King George III was his major client), with a profound interest in religion, especially Christ’s Second Coming. After Drummond’s purchase of Albury Estate, the small village of Albury became, under his influence, “an incubator of radical thought”—not how one thinks of bankers today. Henry Drummond’s daughter married Algernon George Percy, sixth Duke of Northumberland, and settled at Albury Hall. Their son, Henry George Percy, was at Christ Church and knew Dodgson. The Rev. George Raymond Portal, vicar of nearby Albury, had been at Rugby, though a bit earlier than Dodgson. Portal, like many of the Albury citizens, interested himself in social welfare. He founded the National Deposit Society—a kind of credit union prototype. Portal, like Dr. Munsell—rector of St. Mary’s—became part of Dodgson’s not-at-all-small circle of friends in the Guildford area.

In the afternoon, we journeyed over the Surrey Downs, seeing some of the beautiful countryside, including Newland’s Corner, where Dodgson took so many walks. We stopped at the Silent Pool, and wandered from its quiet, extremely clear water to the nearby Church of the Apostles, the headquarters of the curious Catholic Apostolic Church founded by Henry Drummond and a small coterie of other men attracted to the millennialist message of Edward Irving. A short ride brought us to Albury village, where we enjoyed tea at St. Peter and Paul Church and heard a talk by a local historian on the history of the church, which Drummond built for the villagers to use as a substitute for the ancient Saxon church on the grounds of his estate. We drove to Drummond’s country mansion (now being refurbished into luxury flats) and the old Saxon church with its nineteenth-century Augustus Pugin crypt—a fascinating juxtaposition of artistic styles—where Drummond’s remains reside.

On Friday evening, we gathered again at the School of Management, where Edward Wakeling spoke on “The Personal Effects of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, 1898 and Onwards.” Dodgson died at 2:30 in the afternoon of January 14, 1898. When his brother Wilfred, his executor, went to the rooms at Christ Church, he was appalled by the mass of material he found: a personal library of 2,050 titles arranged by subject, photograph albums, diaries, letter register, lecture notes, texts and working papers, paintings, children’s toys, and much else. Many of these effects were sold at auction over the following months, much was burned, and of course much was retained by members of the Dodgson family. Wilfred kept the diaries, but sometime later four of the thirteen volumes disappeared, and some pages were removed from surviving volumes.

Most of the current descendants, however distant, have some of Dodgson's materials. In 1965, Philip Dodgson Jaques, "the custodian of Lewis Carroll papers and relics in their possession," in the words of the old Guildford Muniment catalogue, offered to donate the materials to the Guildford Muniment Room. The first part of the materials arrived in October of 1965, and over the years other members of the family have added to the original deposit. This is known as "The Dodgson Family Collection of Letters, Papers and Other Materials." The family, however, still holds materials that, in the aggregate, might be called the Dodgson family deuterio collection.

On Saturday, we traveled to the Surrey History Centre in Woking, which contains the holdings of the old Guildford Muniment Room. A catalog, produced almost twenty years ago by Shirley Corke, listed their Carroll holdings up to that time, and is now available online. The Surrey History Centre is truly a state-of-the-art facility, as was demonstrated by its learned archivists Julian Pooley and Mike Page. After a tour of the Centre, we examined an exhibition of its impressive Dodgson holdings, augmented by materials from the Dodgson Family Collection. We saw the famous letter from Dr. Tait, headmaster of Richmond School, to the Rev. Charles Dodgson expressing his high opinion of the genius of young Charles, drafts of Dodgson's letter to an agnostic, the infamous note on the removed pages from the diary, and the standard reply to writers addressing letters to Lewis Carroll at Christ Church.

The afternoon was devoted to public lectures on the legacy of Lewis Carroll. Mark Richards welcomed the guests, offered some general reflections on the depth and extent of Carroll's legacy, and introduced Selwyn Goodacre, who gave a very brief biography of

Carroll as background to the afternoon's talks.

Clare Imholtz delivered a talk on Carroll's nonsense and word-play, titled "Did You Say PIG or FIG?" Carroll's words display his sense of humor, and his neologisms had a great influence on James Joyce, whom Clare quoted briefly, and on the surrealists. Many of his "Jabberwocky" nonsense words are still in use. "Chortle" entered the *Oxford English Dictionary* in the 1890s. Kipling used four words from "Jabberwocky" in his story "Stalky & Co." Denis Crutch, writing in *Jabberwocky*, offered some brilliant possible definitions for "vorpal," "tulgey," and "frabjous," viewing them as sort of super portmanteaus. To him, "vorpal" suggested voracious, formidable, awful, mortal, fateful; "tulgey": turgid, bulgey, bosky, ugly (Clare thinks he borrowed some of this from Eric Partridge); and "frabjous": frantic, fabulous, rapturous, joyous, and juicy. Agreeing with Crutch, Elizabeth Sewall stated in *The Field of Nonsense* that the words of "Jabberwocky" often function by reminding us of other words. However, Sewall felt some of the words that Carroll made up—one can hardly pronounce them—such as "mhruxian" and "grumstipth" from *A Tangled Tale* and "hjckrrh" from the Mock Turtle's story, "do not interest the mind." She said that the mind "can enjoy itself" with words like "tove," which look strangely familiar. Clare agreed.

Selwyn then spoke on the many parodies of the *Alice* books. Avoiding an overly strict construction of the term "parody," he showed a cavalcade of slides of the covers of numerous parodies and pastiches (political, advertising, religious, and other), all drawn from his own collection, accompanied by a delightful running commentary. Some of the fascinating items he showed were: *Clara in Blunderland* (many Carroll collectors have a copy of this, but how many collec-

tors have all ten reprints?), *Alice in Motorland*, *Through a Peer Glass* (a Winston Churchill parody), *Alice in Holidayland*, the Guinness *Alices* of course, *Alice's Adventures in Railwayland*, and *Wilson in Wonderland* (about former Prime Minister Harold Wilson).

After a short tea break that included a surrealistic slide show to the strains of Grace Slick's "White Rabbit," I gave a brief talk on unpublished Alice plays, another aspect of Carroll's legacy. Concentrating on plays from the copyright deposit collection of the Library of Congress, plays not listed in Charlie Lovett's excellent monograph *Alice on Stage*, I read brief excerpts from two of them: a short passage from Deborah Mitchell's 1976 NAACP play *Alice in Ghetto-Land*, in which a "Top Cat" substitutes for the Cheshire Cat, and the delightful prologue from Thomas Patrick McNamara's 1976 *Alice—a Modern Adaptation*.

Jenny Woolf followed me with an interesting talk on Dodgson's physical appearance. She commented on his stiff posture, his slightly asymmetrical left eye with its drooping eyelid, his dreamy grey eyes, and his firm belief in *mens sana in corpore sano*, demonstrated by his ability to walk eighteen miles in four and three-quarters hours! She wondered how much of Dodgson himself there might be in his story "Wilhelm von Schimdt":

The younger, in whom the sagacious reader already recognizes the hero of my tale, possessed a form which, once seen, could scarcely be forgotten: a slight tendency to obesity proved but a trifling drawback to the manly grace of its contour, and though the strict laws of beauty might perhaps have required a somewhat longer pair of legs to make up the proportion of his figure, and that his eyes

should match rather more exactly than they chanced to do, yet to those critics who are untrammelled with any laws of taste, and there are many such, to those who could close their eyes to the faults in his shape, and single out its beauties, though few were ever found capable of the task, to those above all who knew and esteemed his personal character, and believed that the powers of his mind transcended those of the age he lived in, though alas! None such has yet turned up—to those he was an Apollo...

Jenny noted that the young Dodgson looked quite dapper in an early photograph, but unfortunately no photograph of him after the age of forty apparently exists. He was sensitive about his appearance, as Isa Bowman's story of her attempt to sketch him makes frightfully, almost unsettlingly, clear. Here is Isa's account, however believable it may be, of *this* particular torn page episode:

I had an idle trick of drawing caricatures when I was a child, and one day when he was writing some letters, I began to make a picture of him on the back of an envelope . . . but suddenly he turned around and saw what I was doing. He got up from his seat and turned very red, frightening me very much. Then he took my poor little drawing, and tearing it into small pieces, threw it into the fire without a word.

And speaking of pages being torn out and perhaps up, Edward Wakeling concluded the afternoon lectures with a talk on the missing pages from Carroll's diary. With a brilliantly worked out and surely Agatha Christie-inspired talk (for she vanished from her nearby

Surrey Downs home in 1926 only to appear eleven days later—quite unlike the cut diary pages, at least so far), Edward sketched the scene, presented the characters, reviewed motives, eliminated the innocent suspects, and announced that, with the aid of his “little grey cells,” he has identified the culprit, whose identity he will reveal in a fully demonstrated argument in published form.

A “Pistrinum Dinner” on Saturday evening was held at Gomshall Mill. Roger Allen led us in the traditional LCS Latin grace, chosen for the dinners by the late Canon Ivor Davies, though I had a passel of Cambridge College graces at the ready, ranging from two words to too many words, just in case one was needed. Maybe next time.

Sunday morning began with a visit to Millfield Park beside the quiet River Wey to see Edwin Russell's bronze statues of the rabbit heading for his rabbit hole while Alice sits beside her sister, who is reading, in a most proleptic manner, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland!* After a peaceful few minutes there with photographs duly digitally shot, we walked up to St. Mary's church for a special Matins service. Mary Alexander spoke to us about Dodgson's preaching at St. Mary's. Selwyn Goodacre delivered a brief sermon honoring his father, the late Rev. Norman W. Goodacre, whose views he intertwined with Carroll's “Easter Greeting,” commenting on how both clergymen saw religion in children's lives. After the service, we were offered sherry and crisps as we viewed photographs Marjorie Williams had brought of the Dodgson family graves, before and after their restoration—which had been organized and supported by Prof. Katsuko Kasai of Japan, a member of the Guildford Study Weekend group.

On the way to lunch, Marjorie Williams pointed out Mrs. Carter's house on Quarry Street across from St. Mary's church, where

Dodgson stayed while in Guildford to help nurse his dying nephew Charlie Wilcox. It was July 18, 1874, that the famous final line of *The Hunting of the Snark* suddenly occurred to Dodgson as he took a solitary walk on the Surrey Downs.

After lunch, we were fortunate to be able to visit the Chestnuts itself, courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, who now own the property. A number of us toured the basement where their daughter now lives in what had been in Dodgson's day the servants' quarters. The upper stories were undergoing careful renovation so that the original structures could later be revealed if necessary.

The bronze and glass statue of Alice passing through the looking-glass, a Palladian glass without frame, in the little park to the side of the hill just a few hundred feet above the rear of the house was delightful to see.

Unfortunately, our coach was not able to go up the steep hill to the Mount Cemetery to see the Dodgson graves. An express train brought us swiftly back to London, a little faster surely than Dodgson's trip had been, but no less enjoyable.

✱

THE OXFORD EXPERIENCE: EDWARD WAKELING AT CHRIST CHURCH

Ann Buki

“And in a very short time the room was full of Alice: just in the same way as a jar is full of jam! There was Alice all the way up to the ceiling: and Alice in every corner of the room!”

— *The Nursery Alice*

The time I spent in Edward Wakeling's *Alice* course at the Oxford Experience (a residential summer program of one-week courses for nonspecialists, July 25–30) was worth a thousand pounds a minute. Entitled *Alice's Adventures in Oxford: The Origin of Lewis Car-*

roll's *Immortal Story*, the class was international and enthusiastic, the atmosphere friendly and collegial, and our tutor brilliant, generous, and humorous. There was much of a muchness in the course; it provided prizes to all Carrollians, from novices to the well versed. It would not surprise me if everyone in the class has joined the LCSNA and/or the LCS.

Each day began with Mr. Wakeling's presentation. Some of the topics covered in detail included the lives of Lewis Carroll and Alice Liddell, Carroll's (and Dodgson's) photographic and mathematical careers, and a few of the unfounded assumptions made about Carroll. After hearing some of these misconceptions, it occurred to me that Carroll's life and works have at times been, as was said of Shakespeare's in *Ulysses*, a "happy hunting ground of . . . minds that have lost their balance."

We had homework assignments, but our tutor provided us with everything we needed to succeed in our subsequent class presentations. It was fun to work with a partner, a different one for each of the two assignments. Some worked very

diligently on the homework, but I was a bit of a slouch. The same was true of the croquet match that a few of us played on a free afternoon in the gorgeous Masters' Garden—I finished last.

In the afternoons Mr. Wakeling took us on excursions to *Alice* and Carroll-related sites, guided tours of Christ Church, museums, and areas of interest in Oxford. We also visited the places where the boat trip that gave birth to the *Alice* stories took place.

On most evenings we were invited back to the classroom to watch *Alice* films and programs. One night we gathered to read *The Hunting of the Snark*, and by evening's end were transformed from baffled beginners into sanctioned snarkophiles. On another evening, Mr. Wakeling gave a presentation on Dodgson's puzzles and games that was open to all Oxford Experience attendees. Judging by the large crowd's enthusiasm (and the number of people who bought his books afterwards), all were dazzled.

Mr. Wakeling was generous in sharing his remarkably extensive knowledge and precious collection of resources. He brought with him, among other treasures, the copy of *Alice* that was presented to

Alice Hargreaves during her visit to the U.S. It was a thrill to touch the page in the book that bore her signature. And he did not have to tell us three times that we would graciously be allowed to handle any of his books.

The week was filled with mathematical, musical, and magical moments that brought the spirit of Lewis Carroll alive. From the pub visit on the evening before our class began to the farewell dinner where we received our certificates, I did not skip a single event. Both the course and the entire Oxford Experience week gave me (and my classmates, I'm sure) more knowledge and enjoyment than a year of unbirthdays presents. I mark each of the days spent there with a white stone.

The cost of the course include accommodations in comfortable student housing, three meals (with vegetarian, gluten-free, and vegan choices), and a daily break for tea and biscuits in mid-morning. Each student had the opportunity to sit at the high table for an evening meal. For more information on registering for future courses, see The Oxford Experience website.

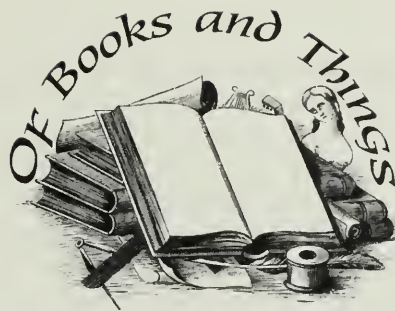


EVERMORE EVERSON'S EVERTYPE!

Mark Burstein

Borges and others have spoken of a universal library; for our purposes, let us imagine an enormous set of the two canonical *Alice* books, all with matching covers and identically formatted, with the Tenniel illustrations, and each in one of the ninety or more languages into which they have been translated. Michael Everson, under his Evertyping imprint, is, in fact, moving in that direction, with matching editions of *Wonderland* in English as well as *Eachtraí Eilise i dTír na nÍontas* (Irish), *Alys in Pow an Anethow* (Cornish), *La Aventuroj de Alicio en Mirlando* (Esperanto), *Alice's Abenteuer im Wunderland* (German), *Contoyrtysyn Ealish ayns Çheer ny Yindyssyn* (Manx), *Les aventures d'Alice au pays des merveilles* (French), *Anturiaethau Alys yng Ngwlad Hud* (Welsh); *Alices Äventyr i Sagolandet* (Swedish) and *Looking-Glass* in English and *Lastall den Scáthán agus a bhFuair Eilís Ann Roimpi* (Irish). He is currently working on Italian, Danish, Low German, and Scots. New translations into the constructed languages Volapük, Lojban, and Neo have begun, and Clive Carruthers' classical Latin translations will be reset and republished in 2011. In addition to commissioning brand-new translations (Irish, Cornish, Low German, Scots, and Volapük), Everson is creating new editions of the texts in European languages (he is fluent in six) that are taken from the first editions, but Romanized (in the case of the German Fraktur) and modernized in terms of spelling and, occasionally, vocabulary, in order to provide thoroughly readable texts for today's readers.

Born and raised in America, Everson moved to Ireland at the age of twenty-six, receiving a Fulbright scholarship soon after. Sometimes called "al-



phabetician to the world," he is a linguist, typographer, and font designer; was one of the principal editors and authors of Unicode (a computer character-encoding system presently incorporating 96,000 letters and symbols and 54 writing systems, from Mongolian to Thai to Gothic to Cyrillic); and is presently the Irish National Representative to the ISO committee responsible for the Universal Character Set. He is active in supporting minority-language communities, including the Celtic and Finnish language families, Balinese, and N'Ko (West Africa). Simply put, his love of languages has put him in the forefront of a scholarly movement to encode the writing systems of every single language ever spoken into computer form.

One can understand his fascination for Carroll, likewise a lover of language who was fascinated by machines and once even devised his own alphabet (the "Square Alphabet" for his *Nyctograph*, *KL 75.8–9*). Beginning with his publication of new translations of them into the Irish tongue—the first since Pádraig Ó Cadhla's in 1922—Michael became "enamored" of the *Alice* books, and soon published standard English versions to match. All the cover

designs are identical (save for the text, of course), and their interior design was inspired by *The Annotated Alice: The Definitive Edition*, in terms of the text fonts (DeVinne), display fonts (Mona Lisa, Engravers Roman), Victorian flower ornaments, and drop caps. He ran into all the usual problems with translations, but noted that in Irish the Mouse's Tale/Tail pun worked perfectly (*parabal*: parable, tale; *earball*: tail). Even Tenniel's illustrations have been modified, so that, for example, the label on the bottle reads "ÓLTAR MÉ" instead of "DRINK ME."

Everson's friend and colleague Nicholas Williams (Professor of Irish at University College Dublin), the translator into Irish, then gave the world a new Cornish *Wonderland* (the first since Ray Edwards's *Alys y'n Vro a Varthussyon* in 1994), and the dam was burst, soon resulting in a reset Esperanto edition in the 1910 Elfric Leofwine Kearney translation, and an *Alice's Adventures under Ground*, the first typeset version with the Carroll illustrations. Everson set himself a challenge of laying out an entire book in one day, and succeeded with *The Hunting of the Snark*. A *Nursery Alice* followed (in color), and he recently began work on a new omnibus edition of *Sylvie and Bruno* (a difficult book in many ways, he says).

He has since branched out into the world of *Alice* imitations, parodies, and spinoffs, releasing *Wonderland Revisited and the Games Alice Played There* (2009: Keith Sheppard, ill. Cynthia Brownell, reviewed on p. 46), *A New Alice in the Old Wonderland* (orig. 1895: Anna Matlack Richards, ill. by the author's daughter Anna Richards Brewster), *Alice in Wonderland in Words of One Syllable* (orig. 1905: retold by Mrs. J. C. Gorham), *Clara in Blunderland* (orig. 1902: "Caroline Lewis" [Edward H. Begbie], ill. J. Stafford



Ransome), *Lost in Blunderland* (orig. 1903: ditto), *John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland* (orig. 1904: Charles Geake and Francis Carruthers Gould, ill. F. C. Gould), *Alice in Blunderland: An Iridescent Dream* (orig. 1907: John Kendrick Bangs, ill. Albert Levering), *The Westminster Alice* (orig. 1922: "Saki" [H. H. Munro], ill. F. C. Gould), *New Adventures of Alice* (orig. 1917: John Rae, ill. by the author), *Rollo in Emblemeland* (orig. 1902: John Kendrick Bangs and Charles Raymond Macauley, ill. C. R. Macauley), and a single volume containing both *Gladys in Grammarland* (orig. c. 1897: Audrey Mayhew Allen, ill. "Claudine") and *Alice in Grammarland* (orig. 1923: Louise Franklin Bache, ill. Henry Clarence Pitz).

In preparation are *Eileen's Adventures in Wordland* (orig. 1920: Zillah K. Macdonald, ill. Stuart Hay), *Davy and the Goblin* (orig. 1884: Charles E. Carryl, ill. E. B. Bensell), *Alice in Plunderland* (orig. 1910: "Loris Carllew," ill. Linton Jehne), and some portmanteaux of shorter pieces written between 1878 and today.

And more translations. And more. At the rate Everttype is going, perhaps we can look forward to the Universal Carroll Library being completed in a decade or two!

When asked what he thinks about his progress so far, Michael replied, in Irish, "*Tús maith, leath na hoibre*" ("Well begun is half done").

*
Wonderland Revisited, and the Games Alice Played There
 Keith Sheppard, illustrated
 by Cynthia Brownell
 Everttype, 2009
 ISBN 978-194808343

Reviewed by Sarah Adams-Kiddy

One night after going to bed, Alice wakes up to find her bed has turned into a small boat, bobbing along a river on a warm summer's day. The dog rowing the bed/boat is only the first of the many

characters she meets that speak nonsense to her in true Wonderland fashion. When she asks if she might ask what he is doing in her bed, he, after some quibbling about whether she may or may not ask, responds by asking what she is doing in his boat! These conversations are amusing, but the reader does feel that Sheppard is trying a bit too hard with the Carrollian-style twists of logic and grammar. (To his credit, I've never encountered a Carrollian pastiche that didn't.)

Instead of joining a deck of cards to play croquet with hedgehogs and flamingoes, or becoming a pawn on a massive chessboard, in *Wonderland Revisited* Alice and the characters she encounters act as the pieces of various games, including bridge, euchre, darts, fox and geese, mah-jong, and snakes and ladders. The Red Queen appears several times to play croquet and draughts, a group of morris dancers plays nine men's morris, and Alice caddies for the Red King. New characters include a talking tree, the Jack of Diamonds, a gameskeeper who keeps track of the games but then turns into a goat, and aggressive geese that want to eat Alice, dragons that don't, and a snake that does. And of course, none of the paths leads to where Alice wants to go!

Many of the games mentioned in the book, such as bridge and mah-jong, may be unfamiliar to a child reader, and many use names and terms unfamiliar to American readers, such as draughts (checkers) and snakes and ladders (chutes and ladders). But Sheppard's introduction kindly includes a paragraph on most of the games, giving enough of an overview of each to allow the reader to understand what is happening in the action and "get" any jokes that might otherwise be missed.

Speaking of jokes, Sheppard plays with words, grammar, logic, and numbers, as did Carroll. Anagrammatic poems appear, and sev-

eral characters insist on referring to Alice as "Celia." In addition, Sheppard makes some fun references to the original *Alice* books, academia (You knew that the capital of France is "F," didn't you?), and also to twentieth-century culture. Sometimes these are spelled out for the reader, and sometimes not—surely the pelican with a bill full of ink is a reference to Pelikan fountain pens?

Despite the many clever and interesting ideas in this book, it unfortunately did not hold my interest for much more than a chapter at a time. Brownell's line illustrations are a bit clunky, as well. I suspect that, true to the author's stated intention, this book would be much more amusing to read aloud to a child.

*
Alice in Verse: The Lost Rhymes of Wonderland
 J. T. Holden, illustrated
 by Andrew Johnson
 Candleshoe Books, 2009
 ISBN 978-0982508992

Reviewed by Hayley Rushing

Don't let the title fool you. *Alice in Verse: The Lost Rhymes of Wonderland*, by J. T. Holden, is not a volume of Carroll's forgotten poetry. Rather it is Holden's experiment in exploring his own childhood imagination, sparked by the tales his grandfather once told him of mythical, lost poetry that shed light on the mysteries of Wonderland. Holden's *Lost Rhymes*, illustrated by Chicago-based artist Andrew Johnson, is a volume of nineteen Carrollian-style poems that are actually a quite convincing pastiche, befitting the misleading title. The poems are more akin to fan fiction than traditional pastiche as they follow Alice's journey through Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land, because they fill in blanks rather than create new adventures for her. As if taking cues from the many movie adaptations that combine the two books, the poems travel through both *Wonderland*

and *Looking-Glass*, starting (as always) with the rabbit-hole and ending with the trial over the tarts, with smatterings of tea parties, caterpillars, Tweedles, and live flowers mixed in. Indeed, unlike other modern retellings, Holden's *Lost Rhymes* must follow the original story, for while the rhymes are clever and the meter is fun to read (especially aloud), they're not much for autonomous storytelling; they don't carry the story on their own, but merely remind us of what we already know.

In terms of imitative style, the clever rhymes are very Carrollian, my current favorite being "elocution" and "execution" during the trial scene, where Holden writes, Whilst Hare and Hatter plied the Mouse

With soothing elocution,
There rose a voice in bold dissent
To halt the execution...

Also, the incorporation of what Martin Gardner called a "figured" poem, recited here at the tea-party, is an excellent nod to the Mouse's Tale, though without the pun. The meter varies by poem, creating an individual tone for every piece, which was a surprise for me. I'd expected solely the iambic quatrains that are typical of Carroll's poems (mostly parodies of popular poetry of the time); instead, though the tone remains distinctly Carrollian, each poem has a unique vitality that helps create a dynamic whole.

Johnson's spooky illustrations are striking and oddly morose in smudged blacks and grays. More scary than odd, the art seems typical of the "Alice is the new black" trend of the modern, Goth-fashion Alice. Rather than curiously pondering as she leisurely descends the rabbit-hole, Alice looks genuinely terrified as she falls with what appears to be a speed that would likely impede introverted thought

(as when Alice wildly hurtles down the rabbit-hole in the Burton film). In terms of imaginative style, I particularly love the Hatter's bulging, tumorous, turban-like hat and the White Rabbit's long, gaunt face and haunted eyes, for who hasn't felt haunted by lateness?

With such grim artwork, it's fitting that the author's upcoming book is *O the Dark Things You'll See!*, again illustrated by Johnson, which is an ominous parody of Dr. Seuss's *Oh The Places You'll Go!*, set to hit the shelves in March, according to Holden's page on Amazon, though Candleshoe Books' site says it'll be May. Holden has also reported in interviews that he has more rhyming poetry books in the works, *Bedtime Tales for Naughty Children* and *Gothic Tales for the Wicked Soul*, though their release dates are yet to be determined.



*The Hunting of the Snark:
An Agony in Eight Fits*
Lewis Carroll, illustrated
by Mahendra Singh
Melville House, 2010
ISBN 978-1935554240

Reviewed by Stephanie Lovett

If you would like to know what you are getting before you order a copy of Mahendra Singh's new *The Hunting of The Snark*, imagine the results if Edward Gorey were to draw a dream René Magritte had about Hieronymus Bosch. Entertaining and provocative, Singh's deadpan pen-and-ink "engravings"—a style that pays homage to Tenniel and Holiday—conjure a variety of sources, not so much to illustrate the text as to create a parallel text, a visual *Snark* joining the verbal *Snark*.

Winning at "spot the reference" is always gratifying, and readers will hugely enjoy the walk-ons by Alice characters, allusions to Dodgson's photography and milieu, joyful plunderings of surrealism's vast iconography, and a myriad of jokes that ring the bells of

your knowledge of, *inter alia*, historical personages, Victorian England, and things Indian (though I must say I got that last one via Kipling). Rather than spoil your fun by enumerating these finds, I will instead reassure you that, far from being a superficial show of cleverness, these visual jokes serve the artist's larger purpose of taking us deeper into the world of the *Snark*. This great depth (perhaps so great as to be a chasm . . . and so can we say that these illustrations are abysmal, in a good way?) results from the fact that these images and ideas bring along with them the entirety of the worlds they come from, and from the necessity of active participation by the reader. You are creating depth by being there yourself.

Of the many devices at work in these illustrations, one that really drives their functioning is the constant play between realism and staginess. Scenes dissolve back and forth between a theater setting and a (strange and dreamy) realism. Characters are sometimes themselves and sometimes performing; they are figures in a theater, in a shadowbox, in an 11-circuit labyrinth, in a picture within a picture. This play-fulness emphasizes the storytelling process and invites us to see the characters as more than themselves—as exemplars, metaphors, personae for the ages.

Like the Beaver and the Butcher, the story of the *Snark* and these illustrations walk hand in hand, each filling our heads with ideas through its own particular means. Your attention to Mahendra Singh's work will be amply repaid; you will learn more about a book you thought you knew, and you may even weep with delight.

✱
*The Real Alice in Wonderland:
A Role Model for the Ages*

C. M. Rubin with Gabriella Rubin
AuthorHouse, 2010
ISBN 978-1449081317

Reviewed by Ray Kiddy

I was prepared to be unimpressed with *The Real Alice in Wonderland*, but I was pleasantly surprised. Not impressed, mind you, but I found that it does have a bit to say. The completist will want to own this, of course, but most Carrollians may want to read through the book before buying it. It could be an approachable book for the relative of a collector, someone who vaguely wonders what all the fuss is about and does not need to be very rigorous about getting an answer. Plus, I have a soft spot for my relatives who scrapbook. And if this book seems very much like a scrapbook, its origins, indeed, are a project the author's daughter Gabriella did in high school. Just as a scrapbook can record the details of a day, perhaps a child's first day at school, and make it interesting, so this book records an "incredible journey" described on the book flap as encompassing London, Oxford, Lyndhurst, Guildford, and Llandudno. This is a small geographical span for an "incredible journey," but of course, one does not have to go to the ends of the earth to find something exotic or interesting, and the British Isles do pack rather a lot into a small space. If you enjoy a lighthearted visual presentation, something perhaps akin to a weblog in book form, and if you can overlook text being overwritten by ornate clusters of roses that occupy a rather large space in each corner of many pages, or the use of public-domain clip art, you will enjoy the visual effect that this book achieves.

A Carrollian who wants to take this book seriously will probably be frustrated. This is not the first book to claim to present new information, and then provide

absolutely no specifics, citations, or provenance for any of it, or to claim that Lewis Carroll was less than wholly responsible for his book. The author makes the claim here that, after Dodgson stopped spending time with the Liddells, he and Alice Liddell corresponded in secret, and that Alice's advocacy was necessary for the publication of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. I am not sure how one would go about providing corroboration for these goings-on. The author does not even attempt it, so where does one go with this?

This book does speak about the middle part of Alice Liddell's life, which is often overlooked. Alice usually shows up in our consciousness either as the young girl on the river Thames, or as the older woman who had to sell her manuscript and who later came to New York to be honored at Columbia University. The middle of her life as Alice Hargreaves is much less familiar to most people, and it is good to see a picture of her as she was for much of her life, a wife, mother, and, even an artist. What one does mostly see is a picture, and another picture, and a mirror image of the picture to fit on the facing page. . . . But most of Alice's story has been better documented, just as we have other books (such as Linda Sunshine's) that collect art about Lewis Carroll and Alice from many sources. There may be new information here, but if that is so, it will have to be republished with citations and sources to be credible.

Yet again Alice is presented as the true source of the creativity or the stories in Lewis Carroll's most famous work. Of course, at first glance we see this puckish young girl, fetchingly posed, an artist in her own right, and then we see Reverend Dodgson, a churchman and, even worse, a teacher of mathematics. Which of these figures seems lighthearted, which creative, which clever? The author even suggests here that, after

their estrangement, "who knows going forward what other creative projects Alice might have inspired him to create?" And yet collectors have entire rooms filled with his later works. Why is it so difficult to credit Lewis Carroll with creativity? A poem may be inspired by a flower, but we don't suggest that the flower lobbied for the poem to be published and sent letters to the editor about it.

This book could have been better, and more informative. It is good for what it is and as far as it goes, but more diligence and effort might have made it a more important one.

✱
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
Lewis Carroll, illustrated
by Nancy Wiley
Wiley O'Brien
Workspace, Inc., 2009
ISBN 978-0615294926

Reviewed by Ray Kiddy

Nancy Wiley has done an admirable job illustrating *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* with dolls, dolls that she rightly calls "sculptural." Obviously, certain tableaux are going to be more fun to do, but she executes different sculptures for almost all of the "Tenniel 42" and adds many extras. These include Dodgson reading in a chair, the boat ride on the Thames, the raven and the writing desk, many versions of Father William, and more than a few crustacea and other sea creatures. Of course, cats and pigs and grins and teacups abound. I cannot decide which is my favorite figure. There is something to appeal to every Carrollian, whether it be the frustrated expressions of the card soldiers, the three-masted-ship hat of the Duchess at the Queen's party, the sleeping Gryphon, the dancing lobsters, or all of the different attitudes on display at the trial.

Reinterpretations of Alice often try to shock, but Wiley's figures do not stoop to that. Neither are they twee. They are childlike, with

some fluffiness evident in most of the creatures portrayed. But they are also complex. Some of the scenes might have become self-caricatures, but Wiley's faces are expressive, and her use of cloth, hair, and body positioning makes them amusing in a straightforward way, while also layered with suggested meanings. For example, the house of the White Rabbit looks like a traditional dollhouse, with its side wall cut away. It seems an obvious effect when you are working with dolls, but I cannot remember a drawing that sliced the house open in this way. The use of the dollhouse almost seems to show Wiley laughing at herself. Yes, it is a doll's house, but it also works to illustrate the story very well, and she is not afraid to use it. The Queen is, of course, shouting, but being a card, she has an upside-down face on the front of her dress. Again, a simple effect, but the differing expressions make it more than just a simple trick.

When I spoke with Nancy Wiley at the Philadelphia meeting this past spring, she did not seem to be ready to attempt *Through the Looking-Glass*, but I hope she considers it. Some of the darker elements of that story will be a challenge, but that is why I hope she will do it. Her dolls are complex enough to model the ambiguities and darkness in that story, and the characters would not be flat cutouts. I very much look forward to her vision of the Jabberwock in particular.

✱
"En Passant"

Katherine Neville, in
Masters of Technique, edited
by Howard Goldowsky,
Boston: Mongoose Press, 2010
286 pp., ISBN 978-0970148262

Reviewed by August A. Imholtz, Jr.

Chess fiction, a genre that of course has its own Library of Congress subject heading, is not an area in which Charles Lutwidge Dodgson has figured too promi-

nently, in spite of his own chess creation, *Through the Looking-Glass*. Is he featured in mystery stories? Yes indeed—you only have to think of works by Peter Lovesey, John Dickson Carr, Donald Thomas, and many others. Science fiction? Of course; think of José Farmer and the rest. But chess stories? Strangely less so. Yes, there are a few; perhaps one could mention Massimo Bontempelli's *The Chess Set in the Mirror*, but Katherine Neville has changed the chess landscape with her engaging, multilevel short story "En Passant." The title refers to a move in chess, a sort of penalty or compensatory maneuver on the part of a pawn, which—when it has advanced to the second rank—can be captured, in a peculiar way, by a pawn on the fifth rank. Here is a more technical definition drawn from the Wikipedia entry:

En passant (from the French: *in passing*) . . . is a special form of capture made immediately after a player moves a pawn two squares forward from its starting position, and an opposing pawn could have captured it as if it had moved only one square forward. In this situation, the opposing pawn may capture the pawn as if taking it "as it passes" through the first square. The resulting position is the same as if the pawn had only moved one square forward and the opposing

pawn had captured normally. The *en passant* capture must be done on the very next turn, or the right to do so is lost. Such a move is the only occasion in chess in which a piece captures but does not move to the square of the captured piece.

The latter exception is not unimportant to the way the meaning of "en passant" plays out in the story. Without completely giving away the whole plot and conclusion, one can say that Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, John Ruskin, Prince Leopold, Dean Henry George Liddell, and of course Alice Pleasance Liddell are all ensnared in a situation—a chess match, actually—at Alice's contrivance, in the garden of the deanery of Christ Church. Each character is represented by a chess figure: Dodgson a knight, Liddell a bishop, Ruskin a rook ("What else?" one might ask), and Alice, of course, a pawn and then a queen. This Alice is not the little girl of Wonderland but a young woman of twenty-one, who simply wishes to "live an ordinary, simple life, as others did, a life of schedules and rules and plans, a life with a husband and children." At the end of the chess match, Alice is freed from a captured state, captured *en passant*, in which she was almost imprisoned forever. Or was she? Corpus Christi College, perhaps by poetic license or for some other reason, has become Corpus Christie; otherwise, Katherine Neville proves herself here a master of technique.

✱
*The Place of Lewis Carroll
in Children's Literature*

Jan Susina
Routledge, 2010
ISBN 978-0415936293

Reviewed by Clare Imholtz

Jan Susina explores the centrality of Lewis Carroll to children's literature from many angles, chapter by chapter unveiling multiple *Alices: inter alia*, a book for adults, a book for children, a book for



upper-middle-class children, and a book that has found its way (with Carroll's blessing during his lifetime) into every niche market, from biscuit tins to multimedia games. He also examines Carroll's letters, photography, and late novel, *Sylvie and Bruno*.

Susina, a professor of literature at Illinois State University, has read widely and deeply on Lewis Carroll, children's literature in general, and Victorian mores. He guides us like a sensible, though never stodgy, uncle through the pitfalls of *Alice* scholarship, but also presents lively new insights and throws welcome light into the corners, all in lucid and accessible prose. He makes no bones about one issue: Some recent scholarship is "surprisingly ugly." Susina defends Carroll as "a proper Victorian," and the victim of a double standard when compared to certain of his contemporaries (e.g., Hawarden and Cameron) whose photos of children are every bit as open to sexual interpretation. He also addresses other common misperceptions. For example, he does not totally accept the theory, now a truism, that Carroll revolutionized children's literature, though he grants that *Wonderland* did move the genre away from didacticism and toward entertainment.

At times, Susina may be too accepting of time-honored views of Carroll. He mentions, but does not challenge, Carroll's dissembling claim in the Preface to *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* that he did not read reviews, despite the ample evidence in his letters that Carroll—like virtually every other author in history—was very interested in reviews of his books. Susina also repeats the chestnut that Carroll was painfully shy, the *Alice* books being a way to transform himself from Dodgson to Carroll.

The first, wonderful chapter discusses Carroll's often overlooked juvenilia and highlights some little known aspects of it, relating the author's youthful writing practices to his adult work. Readers will enjoy the samples Susina provides. Chapter Two demonstrates that *Wonderland* was a part of the already flourishing tradition of the literary fairy tale. Here Susina examines and responds to the arguments of critics such as Ruth Berman and John Goldthwaite. Chapter Three considers Carroll's obsession with letters, arguing that it is in letters that the two seemingly distinctive personalities of Carroll and Dodgson are truly joined. Susina presents his own solution to the raven and writing-desk riddle, a solution based on Carroll's letter writing. He also suggests, incorrectly I believe (given what we know about the 1863 break with the Liddells, which he never mentions in this very nonbiographical tome), that the handwritten manuscript of *Under Ground* can be viewed as a "love letter" to Alice Liddell.

Chapter Four covers the "Alice industry" and the rise of children's consumer culture, which are, in fact, major themes of this book. Carroll's interest in *Alice* repackagings was notable, but is perhaps slightly overstated here. For example, I don't believe that Carroll was actively involved with, beyond giving permission for, E. Stanley Leathes's *Alice in Wonderland Birthday Book* (1884). Nor should he be credited or blamed for the Looking-Glass Biscuit Tin nor those ivory-carved *Wonderland* and *Looking-Glass* figure parasols.

Chapter Five presents an incisive analysis of Carroll's interest in his imitators, and his own anxiety lest he himself be accused of having imitated other authors. Susina also notes that in some cases imitations of Carroll appear to have influenced his own later work. A long analysis of Carroll's attacks

on Edward Salmon establishes indubitably that Carroll cared very much about his public image.

Chapter Six, a detailed look at *The Nursery Alice*, is particularly rewarding, and is a good example of Susina's ability throughout this book to thoroughly examine and synthesize not only the critical evidence but the textual and paratextual evidence, and to see fresh connections between different facets of Carroll's writing. Chapter Seven examines the photograph of Alice Liddell as *The Beggar-Maid*, setting it firmly within both the social context of the period and the development of art photography, such as O. G. Rejlander's work, which Carroll much admired. Chapter Eight focuses on class issues, contrasting Carroll's lack of novelistic concern about poor children with other popular writers of the time, such as Charles Kingsley and the now virtually unknown Hesba Stretton, whose *Jessica's First Prayer* sold vastly more copies in its day than did *Wonderland*.

Chapter Nine discusses *Sylvie and Bruno* both as a self-revelatory text and an example of Carroll's desire to write for both children and adults. In Chapter Ten we are back to marketing, and in particular the role of book jackets and other paratextual materials. Susina deconstructs the design of fourteen *Alice* paperback covers and dust jackets, but unfortunately, illustrations of them are not included. (The handsome, restrained cover of Susina's own book, we can note here, authoritatively conveys that this is a serious book about a fun and imaginative topic.) Continuing the same theme, Chapter Eleven moves us along to explore how *Wonderland* has been transformed by technology. It is one of the most translated texts into hypertext (perhaps because it jumps from place to place itself).

In the final chapter, Jon Scieszka's "well-intentioned" but "wrong-headed" and "exceedingly strange" book—*Walt Disney's Alice in Wonderland* (Disney Press, 2008)—comes in for heavy criticism because, Susina says, it is based on the wrong pictures (Mary Blair's rather than Tenniel's) and omits the conversations.

Because the chapters of Susina's book originally appeared separately ("have accumulated over time"), they are sometimes repetitive; the book would have benefited from more editing. This, as well as the inadequate index—which has huge gaps and does not follow standard practices—may reflect publishing economics (as does the sky-high price of this volume, enough to pick up a couple of nice *Alices*). The meager index is a true shame in a book so rich in detail and broad in thought. There also are a few small errors of fact. For example, Blackburn and White used Wilfred Dodgson's abridgment of *Sylvie*, not one of their own devising, in *Logical Nonsense*, and *Wonderland* went out of copyright in 1907, not 1911. But these are of minor concern in this most informative, enlightening, and highly recommended book, an important addition to the literature for general Carrollian readers as well as academics.

✱
Alisa v Zazerkale

Lewis Carroll, translated by
Nina M. Demurova, illustrated
by Maxim Mitrofanov
Moscow: Rosman, 2010
ISBN 978-5-353-04505-2

Reviewed by August A. Imholtz, Jr.

This is a beautifully printed new Russian edition of *Through the Looking-Glass* illustrated by Maxim Mitrofanov and translated by Nina Demurova, who adds an afterword on the problems of translating *Alice* into Russian. And how delightfully different this book—like Mitrofanov's earlier *Alisa v Stranye Chudes* (ISBN:

978-5-353-0388-7), published last year by the same press—is from so many of the Russian books, including *Alice* translations, of the Soviet years of the 1950s and later. The paper is good, and the type clear, well spaced, and very readable. The illustrations, of which there are some 96 (42 of them full-page illustrations) are all in color—again a marked departure from the *Alices* of the Soviet era. Not as simplistic as Greg Hildebrandt's or as threateningly adult as Barry Moser's, the illustrations are gently playful, of the sort that would appeal to young readers, who were of course the main audience for Lewis Carroll's *Alice* books from the very beginning. Especially charming are the illustrations of the Red Queen with her chess figure accoutrements, including a scepter consisting of a fireplace poker with a chess king fixed at the tip like a finial (p. 29); the contrasting pair of a dapper Walrus in a red coat and striped morning trousers, surely from beyond the North Sea, and a very Russian-looking but unusually thin Carpenter (pp. 56–57); and the crow from Chapter Four making off with the White Queen's shawl in his long beak at the beginning of Chapter Five (pp. 66–67). Humpty Dumpty is portrayed with a most bemused grin and a face suggestive of one of the late Roman emperors, as he perches on a folded chessboard (of the sort in which the pieces are stored when not in play), instead of being shown balanced on his usual dull wall (p. 80). Mitrofanov sometimes follows Tenniel, with modification, but more often departs from him with some charming results. The concluding acrostic poem, nicely worked out in its Russian text (no mean feat), is framed with little figures from the story, chess pieces included, and the half-visible head of Dinah at the bottom of the page looking up to see what she started.

✱
*Through the Looking-Glass
and What Alice Found There*
Lewis Carroll, illustrated
by Gavin L. O'Keefe
Ramble House
ISBN 978-1-60543-432-2
ISBN 978-1-65043-432-9

Reviewed by Andrew Ogus

It must be difficult to resist the urge to outdo Lewis Carroll's imagination when illustrating his books. In this simple edition of *Looking-Glass*, the wasp-waisted Red Queen literally, though mercifully briefly, makes Alice an actual Pawn. Unlike the other White Pawns that appear in the background of another illustration, she has retained her human head. Some charming ideas: like Mercury, the elephants have winged feet, and the Rocking-horse-fly's hind legs become his own rockers. The curling ribbons and chains that recur throughout are a pleasant touch, but the skeletons and skulls are not, nor is the literal interpretation of Humpty Dumpty's suggestions for Alice's face. The bewildering array of sizes and shapes in the illustrations makes for an inconsistent layout. A paragraph of type brilliantly reversing to white out of the black crow is sadly marred by not bleeding off the page. One wishes for a similar use of imagination and greater skill throughout.

✱
Alice
11th Hour Ensemble,
Theatre of Yugen
San Francisco, September 9–19

Reviewed by James Welsch

A new theater piece called *Alice* at the Theatre of Yugen in San Francisco ran from September 9 through 19, directed and "imagined" by Allison Combs. As a work of "movement theatre," it's about 60% interpretive dance and 40% dialogue, easily juggling different genres of theater with different types of music (from techno to

folk rock), and varying levels of seriousness and silliness.

Alice, in her traditional blue outfit but played by a leggy adult actor/dancer (Megan Trout), is already exhausted on the stage when the audience is let in the theater. ("Is that Alice?" asks a young girl behind me, Alice having already silently begun her opening number while an usher noisily hobbles past her to turn off a loud fan, and the audience settles in.) This Alice starts out with grown-up anxieties, obsessive-compulsively counting numbers, and reassuring herself repeatedly, "okay, okay, okay." In contrast to the wildness she's about to encounter, we realize that her troubled state of mind at the beginning is her supposed *normalcy*.

Then, instead of a white rabbit, she is shaken from her routine by a single playing card falling from the sky. A tribe of five strange savages in rags starts to tease her and mess with her mind, taking

her through the mind-and-body-changing adventures of Wonderland, loosely inspired by Carroll's book. (While Alice is exploring the corridor, before it really gets going, the child behind me declares "This is upsetting because it's boring.") Growing, shrinking, falling, mushrooms, being stuck in a house, scary forests, and all manner of psychedelic abstractions are created by the weird tribe with their flexible interlocking limbs, in extremely creative ways. Only using their bodies, they show us a caterpillar sitting on a mushroom, and when he sucks on his hookah (one of their fingers), the whole mushroom inhales and exhales. It's most fun during the wild dance numbers with their very cool choreography; it drags a little during the dialogue, which, as in so many *Wonderland* adaptations,

is always a lot less clever than Carroll's original. For some reason, their amazing Cheshire Cat, very feline and Kabuki-ish, sticks closer to Carroll's words, and is consequently much more powerful.

After Alice has gone native, becoming one of the weird savages herself, a new square peg (named Lewis) also finds himself lost in Wonderland. Lewis's unhappy anal-retentiveness makes us realize what Wonderland is to these folks: everything "other" in American society. Their Wonderland is part hippie, part hipster, part Burning Man, part mushroom trip, totally gay, multicultural, and sexy. It has games with no rules, self-examination, community, humor, and, of course, lots of dancing and singing. It's also *dirty*. Uptight Lewis rejects it outright, and even Alice eventually wakes up. But she's definitely dirtier than before her trip to Wonderland. ("Is she dripping sweat?" asks the child behind me.)

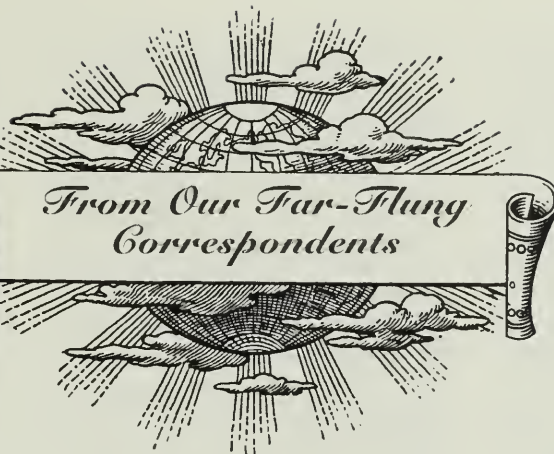


ARTS & ILLUSTRATION

www.delicious.com/lcsna/kl85+art

It was inevitable that a connection between the Tea Party movement and the Mad Tea Party (both which were all over the zeitgeist in 2010) would be utilized in political cartoons, and a few high-profile ones should be mentioned. Drew Friedman's illustration in the April 12 issue of the *Nation* (for Richard Kim's article "The Mad Tea Party") chose Sarah Palin as the Hare, Glenn Beck as the Hatter, and Rush Limbaugh in the distance as the Cheshire Cat. Edward Sorel's stylish illustration in the May 2010 *Vanity Fair* (for Richard Lingeman's article "The Maddest of Mad Tea Parties") went with Limbaugh as Humpty Dumpty, Palin as a pink-frocked Alice, Bill O'Reilly as the Hare, and again Beck as the Hatter with a Fox News label on his hat. And is that supposed to be John McCain as the jowly and consternated Caterpillar? The *Economist* put theirs on their cover: Palin now as a Kalashnikov-wielding Alice, Limbaugh as the Hare, and a weeping Beck's hat tag now reading "Nonsense 24/7." Garry Trudeau also made the joke in his April 1, 2010, *Doonesbury* strip, when Zonker tells a teabagger, "I thought I saw a Mad Hatter," and gets the reply, "Different tea party. That's Uncle Sam." Alice was elsewhere politicized in a cartoon by Tom Meyer in the *San Francisco Chronicle* on July 25, with a cannabis-smoking caterpillar discussing California's Prop 19 with an obese Alice.

This year the Silver Eye Center for Photography in Pittsburgh, PA, exhibited two digital photo artists inspired by Alice. "These Strange Adventures: The Art of Maggie Taylor" ran from May 14 to August 21 and included digital images that illustrate the hard-to-find Modernbook Editions' *AAIW* (2008). Photo montages based on Tenniel's *AAIW* illustrations by

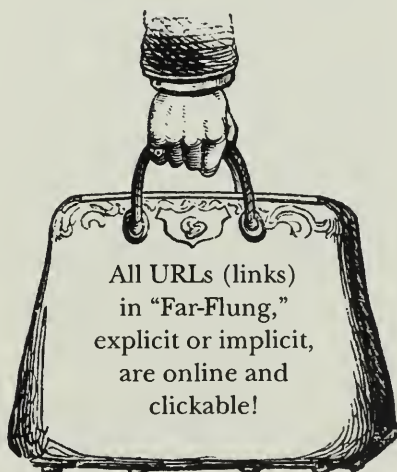


Abelardo Morell were shown from May 7 to June 25.

The Tinman Gallery in Spokane, WA, hosted an "Alice in Wonderland Invitational" from July 30 to August 21, 2010. Over thirty local artists provided original pieces based on *AAIW*.

Under the web page heading "Tributes and Parodies," artist Justin Hillgrove presents an array of original cartoon-gothic paintings of tea parties, Cheshire Cats, and Jabberwocks. The acrylic paintings are also available as prints, t-shirts, and jigsaws from linked websites.

Kit Carson, jeweler to the stars and creator of a popular and almost affordable line of *Alice* pendants, appeared at an exhibition of his work held at the Craft in America Study Center in Los Angeles on June 19, 2010. Carson discussed his artistic inspirations, which include cowboys, art nouveau, desert animals, dragonflies, and, of course, Lewis Carroll.



The British Library owns the archive of Mervyn Peake's *Alice* illustrations, which were on display at the Western Bank Library in London from June 30 to September 29, 2010. The British *Guardian* (April 4, 2010) ran an article by Vanessa Thorpe about Peake's surreal *Alice* art and some "previously un-

seen private letters," called "How the devastation caused by war came to inspire an artist's dark images of Alice."

Also in London, Wonderland Gallery's "Alice Underground Art Collection," a preview collection by artists Paul Skellett and Pokey Pola, was on display October 20 and 21. As the *London Evening Standard* reported, "The collection includes 12 brand new and never seen before mixed media images, mounted in hand made, hand painted baroque frames, a signature of both artists."



ARTICLES & ACADEMIA

www.delicious.com/lcsna/kl85

+articles-academia

The *New Yorker* contained many curious references to our man and his work during this Carrollian bonanza year. Anthony Gottlieb's article "Win or Lose: No voting system is flawless. But some are less democratic than others" (July 26, 2010) gave Dodgson praise for considering voting systems that are more fair than, for instance, the U.S.'s current winner-take-all method, and even brought the Liddell family into the discussion. Rebecca Mead's article about the play *Gatz* (September 27, 2010) included a nice quip from one of the director's colleagues *in re* *Alice* adaptations: "Every experimental director has to go through an *Alice in Wonderland* thing, and John was very lucky to have gotten his out very early." Over in the classical

music department in the August 9 issue, Alex Ross used the word “galumphs” to describe pianist Lang Lang’s Chopin interpretation. Even one of their famously ambiguous cartoons had Tweedledum saying to Alice, “If it’s all right, I prefer the name Dave.” After some e-mails to the blog discussing what the joke meant, Clare Imholtz posed the classic question, “But is it funny?”

An ad for whiskey in *Harper’s Magazine* (May 2010, pp. 42–43) featured an excerpt from Lewis Carroll’s rare text “Feeding the Mind,” first published in the same magazine in May 1906.

In conjunction with the release of her biography *The Mystery of Lewis Carroll* (St Martin’s Press, 2010), Jenny Woolf also published a great article in the April 2010 *Smithsonian*, “Lewis Carroll’s Shifting Reputation: Why has popular opinion of the author of *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* undergone such a dramatic reversal?” We enjoyed the letter to the editor published later from a lawyer in California: “As an attorney, I think [the article] did a good job of documenting the modern-day habit of judging or casting spurious allegations based on hearsay and innuendoes. [...] Dodgson, unfortunately, cannot defend himself, and to smear his reputation in such a manner is *unpardonable*” (emphasis added).

On May 30, 2010, LCSNA member Dr. Francine Abeles gave a paper on the early development of quasi-determinants at Concordia University. Although not specifically on Dodgson, the paper included a discussion of his condensation method as an algorithm for computing them.

Niraj Chokshi, writing for the *Atlantic* online (July 31, 2010) used *TTLG* to demonstrate the inadvertently poetic capacities of Microsoft Word’s autosummarize feature. (“Alice asked. Alice laughed. Alice laughed. Alice pleaded. Alice explained.”) He was inspired by new media artist Jason Huff, who

has autosummarized the 100 most downloaded copyright-free books. Ten years ago we did the same with *AAIW* (KL 63:20).

Issue 48 (Fall 2010) of *Bitch Magazine*, “The Make-Believe Issue,” included “Alice in Adaptation-Land—How wanderer Alice became warrior Alice, and why.” In the well-written article, Kristina Aikens made the interesting point that Carroll’s curious Alice is more of a feminist icon than Burton’s Alice, who puts on armor, kills the Jabberwock, and seeks to colonize China.

The April 2010 edition of *The Lion and the Unicorn* (Volume 34, Number 2) contained two book reviews that mentioned Lewis Carroll. Anne Lundin reviewed Marah Gubar’s *Artful Dodgers: Reconceiving the Golden Age of Children’s Literature* (Oxford University Press, 2009), and Dorothy Clark reviewed Jan Susina’s *The Place of Lewis Carroll in Children’s Literature* (Routledge, 2010). Clark described the latter book as “a rich analysis that integrates a prodigious understanding of Carrollian scholarship and cultural history.” See our review on p. 49.

Both poems in the September 2010 edition of *Asimov’s Science Fiction* used *AAIW* themes as their central metaphors. “The Now We Almost Inhabit” by Roger Dutcher and Robert Frazier used the Cheshire Cat and Alice’s changing size “as images of changeable realities,” and LCSNA member Ruth Berman’s poem “Egg Protection” (mistakenly called “Egg Production” in the table of contents) used “the pigeon’s opinion of long-necked Alice as a predatory serpent as the opinion of birds in general regarding humans.”

Sen Wong’s unpublished manuscript, “Hijacking Alice: Underground Logic and Mirror-Image Language,” described as “a chapter-by-chapter interpretation of the logico-philosophical ideas” in the *Alice* books, is now available

online. The manuscript contains the depressing disclaimer that it was rejected by publishers in the U.S. and U.K. in 2003, and that a book containing research very similar to his was later released by one of those publishers. He is making the manuscript available online to “protect the authorship of [his] ideas.”

Leigh Van Valen, whom the *New York Times* called an “Evolutionary Revolutionary” in their obituary on October 30, died on October 16 this year at age 76. His most famous hypothesis, which explains why some organisms develop two sexes, was named after the Red Queen from *TTLG*. See “The Red Queen Principle” in KL 55:11.

Speaking of *Looking-Glass, Book and Magazine Collector* for December 2010 has named it one of the Top 50 Funniest Books of All Time, listed chronologically at #6 between *The Life of Samuel Johnson* and *Three Men in a Boat*. This must mean *TTLG* is at least fifty spots ahead of *AAIW* in the official rankings of funniest books. Perhaps the comedinati are still puzzling over the Hatter’s riddle?



BOOKS

www.delicious.com/lcsna/kl85+books

A few copies of *Burton in Wonderland: Carrollian Reviews*, collected and edited by Clare Imholtz and Byron Sewell (Force 5 Press: Hurricane, WV), a 28-page booklet published in an edition of 42 copies, are available from Byron Sewell, P.O. Box 425, Hurricane WV 25526, for \$5.00 each postpaid. This privately published booklet includes reviews of and reflections on Tim Burton’s *Alice in Wonderland* by thirty members of the LCSNA.

For those who like their cookbooks macabre and strikingly illustrated, *Recipe for Murder: Frightfully Good Food Inspired by Fiction* by Estérelle Payany (Flammarion, ISBN 978-2080301642) will be

perfect. Thirty-two literary villains, including the Queen of Hearts, inspire sinister recipes. Three little pigs in a blanket accompanied by Brutus's Caesar salad? Yum.

One of the fanciest computer-animated trailers for a book we've ever seen is for French illustrator Benjamin Lacombe's pop-up children's stories (including *Alice*) called *Il était une fois*. It's available from French publisher Seuil, and is also being published in Italian as *C'era Una Volta*.

Campfire Graphic Novels, a publishing house out of New Delhi, India, released an *AAIW* as part of their large and expanding series of comic versions of classics, myths, biographies, and originals. The adaptation (\$9.99, 72 pages, full color) is by Lewis Helfand, with art by Rajesh Nagulakonda (who has previously illustrated their *Joan of Arc*, *The Time Machine*, and *Oliver Twist*). Campfire's mission statement: "It is night-time in the forest. A campfire is crackling, and the storytelling has begun. In the warm, cheerful radiance of the campfire, the storyteller's audience is captivated. Inspired by this enduring relationship between a campfire and gripping storytelling, we bring you four series of Campfire Graphic Novels. . ." A noble cause, but isn't reading comic books by firelight a bit hard on the eyes?

The Folio Society has published a facsimile of the original manuscript of *Alice's Adventures under Ground*. The print run will be limited to 3,750 hand-numbered copies, each clad in goatskin and gold and priced at \$179.95.

Safely confined in Arkham Asylum, the Joker has plenty of time to recount scurrilous stories of Batman's greatest enemies. That's the premise of DC Comic's *Joker's Asylum*, a series of month-long weekly "one-shots," which in August featured the Mad Hatter, a creepy, buck-toothed weirdo obsessed with hats, tea, and Alice. *Joker's Asylum*

II: Mad Hatter #1 was written by Landry Quinn Walker and drawn by Keith Giffen. The consolidated *Joker's Asylum: Volume II* (ISBN 978-1401229801) will be published in January 2011.

Volume 1 of a new zine from Oakland and Berkeley writers, *The Benevolent Otherhood*, contains a nonsense poem by S. Sandrignon mentioning Tweedledee and Tweedledum. The poem, "Sacred Massacre," took some inspiration from Jon A. Lindseth's article in *KL* 83, "A Tale of Two Tweedles."

The opening of *AAIW* was featured in magazine ads for "100 Classic Books" for Nintendo DS. That's right, you can now read Lewis Carroll's classic book on your small portable gaming device.

Inevitably, a graphic novelization of Burton's *Alice in Wonderland* was released this summer by Disney and Boom Studios, with stylish art by the suavely monikered Massimiliano Narcisco.

Los Angeles author Mel Gilden released his middle-grade children's book *The Jabberwock Came Whiffing* directly as an e-book for the Amazon Kindle (\$3.99). In the story, Albert finds himself in the Tulgey Wood amongst borogoves, snarks, Alice, et al., on a quest to slay the title's monster.

Another new self-published novel found in the endless catalogues of Amazon.com has the amusing title *Straight out of Lewis Carroll's Trash Can: A Jonathan Tollhausler Adventure*, by Michael J. Rumpf (ISBN 978-0615398082, \$15.99).

Our spies have found several Lewis Carroll references in Barbara Clevierly's 2008 mystery novel *Folly du Jour* (ISBN 978-1569475133). Mr. Dodgson, a cafe named *Le Lapin Blanc*, the Red Queen, Alice, and a hole into Wonderland all make cameos.



CYBERSPACE

www.delicious.com/lcsna/
kl85+articles-academia

An impressive 66 "Celebration of Mind" parties were organized by Gathering4Gardner, to honor the Carrollian giant Martin Gardner (October 21, 1914–May 22, 2010) on what would have been his 96th birthday this year. The website g4g-com.org used Google maps to help people find the celebration nearest them, from Buenos Aires to Aurangabad, India. And @g4g-com was always a-twitter with updates on the preparations.

What would Dickens blog? There have been rumors that serialization, which flourished in the Victorian era, will be burbling back into the mainstream because of the way people digest media in the post-blogging age. In the vanguard, a graphic novel called *Namesake* is being serialized on the Web every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Its creator, Isabelle Melançon, promises that Alice and other Lewis Carroll characters will feature prominently. "*Namesake* is the story of Emma Crewe, a woman who discovers she can visit other worlds. She finds out that these are places she already knows—fantasy and fairy lands made famous through the spoken word, literature, and cinema."

At the other end of the webcomics spectrum is a series called *Here We Come A-Carrolling* by Doctor Randomness at Webcomics Nation. It seems inspired by David Rees's style of cut-and-paste Web strips (*My New Fighting Technique Is Unstoppable* and *Get Your War On*), except that it uses Tenniel's illustrations as the stock images to which irreverent text bubbles are added.

Geoff Martin from the UK Lewis Carroll Society has a new website called Lewis Carroll 1st Editions. It contains many pictures and expanding encyclopedic information on the subject.

NewsBiscuit, an online Onion-esque gazette with the motto "the news before it happens. . ." published an article titled "Mad Hatter, Dormouse Elected to Con-

gress in Tea Party Landslide" on November 3. Taking the joke to the nth degree before it gets old, the article quoted the Red Queen and Mock Turtle, and referenced the Lobster Quadrille. Illustrating the article was a picture of Johnny Depp's Hatter with new Republican House Majority Leader John Boehner's orange face photo-shopped beneath the famous hat.



EVENTS, EXHIBITS, & PLACES

www.delicious.com/lcsna/

kl85+events-exhibits-places

Please Ma'am, is this New Zealand?

If Alice really had fallen right through the earth, the owners of Larnach Castle, New Zealand's only castle, like to think she might just have ended up in their garden. Since the 1930s, an increasing number of Wonderland touches have been added to the 35-acre grounds, which are open daily to the public.

Oxford Storypods, creators of an AA/Waudiobook, held a competition for nonsense poetry in the Carrollian vein. The winning poems, "Wishful Thinking" by Ruth Smith and "The Ffrig of Frogimar" by Hugh Timothy, have been professionally recorded by former LCSNA president Andrew Sellon and are available as a free download from the Oxford Storypods website.

Kathryn Beaumont, voice of both Disney's Alice and Wendy from *Peter Pan*, appeared at the Walt Disney Family Museum in San Francisco on May 22, 2010, to share her memories as a voice-over artist. The actress, who turned 72 this year, was recently heard in the video game "Kingdom Hearts Birth by Sleep" as the voice of "Kairi's Grandma." She will also be introducing the special feature "Through the Keyhole: A Companion's Guide to Wonderland" in the digital remastering of the 1951 film to be re-re-re-released in February 2011..

If you like to talk about cabbages and kings with your meal before you eat it, you might investigate The Walrus and the Carpenter Oyster Bar in Seattle. According to the website, the new restaurant is "located at the South end of Seattle's Historic Ballard Avenue in the newly renovated Kolstrand building," which "will be the perfect home for this rustic, light-filled, oyster haven." We hope every dining experience will also include ruminations on innocence and death.

There was an exhibit at the Veluws Museum Nairac in Barneveld, Netherlands, from June 12 through October 30. It celebrated the many looks of Alice, featuring illustrations from Tenniel through Camille Rose Garcia. They also claimed to have had "een bijzondere Aboriginal uitgave" (*an Aboriginal special edition?*). In addition to the art, visitors were invited to make "a journey through Wonderland, where a number of themes and life-size figures are depicted. See yourself in the strange mirrors, sliding into the perpetual tea party celebration with the Mad Hatter and the March Hare and take a look at the animal room" (translated from the Dutch using Google Translate).

The Mayor of Aliso Viejo in Orange County, CA, is happy to be accused of living in an "Alice in Wonderland" world. In his State of the City address on October 13, he declared, "Aliso is Wonderland" before holding a staged conversation with a dubbed video of Johnny Depp as the Mad Hatter. City dignitaries then posed for pictures with Wonderland characters hired for the occasion.

From June 5 through July 23, there was an exhibition at London's East Central Gallery called "Memoria Technica," with some thematic connection to the memory device Carroll helped to develop. The show featured art by David Adika, Zadok Ben-David,

Clarissa Cestari, Carlos Garaicoa, and Vivienne Koorland.

À la Bibliothèque Frontenac in Montreal, as part of *Festival littéraire international de Montréal Métropolis bleu*, there was an exhibit called "Alices et merveilles" from April 21 through 25. The "festival dans le festival" featured many children's activities in addition to the library's collection of some of Carroll's letters. The 27th Annual Montreal Antiquarian Book Fair, held at Concordia University on September 25 and 26, also had a Lewis Carroll theme. Noted Carroll collector Luc Gauvreau opened the event and displayed items from his extensive collection.

LCSNA member Sue Welsch displayed highlights from her Lewis Carroll collection at the Incline Village Public Library in Incline Village, Nevada, on Lake Tahoe, from November 3 until December 30. Welsch, who used to teach a class at Sierra Nevada College called "The Logic and Literature of Lewis Carroll," also delivered a talk at the library on December 18.

Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert's Rally to Restore Sanity and/or Fear in Washington, DC, on October 30, attracted a crowd about 250,000 strong, with many of the postmodern protesters wielding witty, apolitical, and/or absurd signage. Riffing through the archives, we found a few Carroll-related ones, including "Humpty Dumpty Was Pushed!"; "We're All MAD Here" beneath a picture of Disney's 1951 Cheshire Cat; "Dodo Never Feared Anything (Now Extinct)"; "The Mad Hatter Wants His Tea Party Back!" and "Don't Believe Everything You Think!"

On November 15, the Leonard Joel Auction House in Sydney, Australia, attempted to sell a facsimile of *Under Ground*, along with what was described as "part of a poem about bats," written on a single sheet of paper in Carroll's unmistakable scrawl. The sale was not successful, but LCSNA-member

efforts to decipher the poem were. Visit our blog Far-Flung Knight to read the poem.



MOVIES & TELEVISION

www.delicious.com/lcsna/

kl85+movies-tv

Could this be the last time the *Knight Letter* reports on goth rocker Marilyn Manson's long-dreaded naughty Charles Dodgson project? With necessary hesitation, perhaps yes? *Phantasmagoria: The Visions of Lewis Carroll* was to star ginger-haired 22-year-old model Lily Cole as the often-naked Alice Liddell, alongside Tilda Swinton. Manson was also psyched to announce that he was using "possibly illegal" editing techniques to flash graphic images into the audience's subconscious. Now the studio claims to have permanently shelved the project after a leaked R-rated trailer repulsed YouTube viewers, and it is widely believed that this tantalizing movie will never see the light of day (unless, as we think is possible, repressing it is all part of the plan).

Speaking of pornography, this was definitely a cash-cow year for Alice in the adult film industry, with at least three major hardcore Wonderlands. One of the more creative ones to date appeared to be Cal Vista's *Alice* starring Sunny Lane, set in a nightclub called "The Hole."

The DVD of Tim Burton's *Alice in Wonderland* was released on June 1, 2010. And if you hadn't heard, Disney did quite well from this flick, now their third biggest hit, behind only that other Johnny Depp vehicle *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest* and *Toy Story 3*. It currently is the sixth highest-grossing film of all time worldwide (*Avatar*, *Titanic*, and *The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King* complete places one to five), and has earned more than a billion dollars.

The magazine *Cinefex*, "the fine-quality journal documenting cinematic special effects" (not to be confused with *Sinefex*, which is

about the videogame version of Dante's *Inferno*) had a thirty-page spread about the special effects in Tim Burton's *Alice in Wonderland*. The article, "Down the Rabbit Hole" by Joe Fordham, featured 33 color photographs, "many showing how scenes were staged and visually processed."

The Hunting of the Snark, a new film directed by Michael McNeff and narrated by the great Christopher Lee, is in post-production and set to be released in 2011 by Vorpall Pictures. It's billed as an "adaptation of Lewis Carol's (sic) *The Hunting of the Snark* [using] cutting edge technology to successfully capture the story's enchanting world on the big screen." So far, information about this movie and the mysterious McNeff himself has been about as difficult to research as, well, a you-know-what.

It may interest you to know that there are many things called "Malice in Wonderland," including a 1985 Elizabeth Taylor movie, a 2009 Snoop Dogg hip-hop album (technically *Malice N Wonderland*), and a "Malice in Wonderland Adult Dark Goth" Halloween costume. One *Malice in Wonderland* that seems to have fallen through the cracks, though, is a 2009 film with Maggie Grace (from *Lost*) and Danny Dyer, directed by Simon Fellows and released May 2010 on DVD. In this "Modern Twist on a Classic Tale," Grace's Alice is an heiress living in London, the White Rabbit becomes Dyer's Cockney cab driver named Whitey, and the tarts are prostitutes.

In the July 4, 2010, *New York Times*, there was an article on the History Channel television program "Pawn Stars," which is about a Las Vegas pawn shop. The article featured the following titillating anecdote: "Shelby Tashlin of Las Vegas walked to the counter clutching a boxed edition of *Alice in Wonderland* containing an etching and 12 lithographs by Salvador Dalí. Ms. Tashlin's opening thrust: the Dalí

prints were limited in number. Mr. Harrison's parry: 'He's pretty well known for fudging numbers.' . . . Ms. Tashlin wanted \$10,000. Mr. Harrison asked if she had taken a little blue pill, and offered \$5,000. She politely declined and walked away still clutching *Alice in Wonderland*. 'I was hoping it would go the other way, but I'm not surprised,' she would tell a reporter later." We recommend Ms. Tashlin pursue other avenues to sell her Dalí *Alice*.



PERFORMING ARTS

www.delicious.com/lcsna/

kl85+performing-arts

In Chicago, a "crew of motley eccentrics (including Alice)" hunted the Snark in the United States premiere of a play called *Boojum! Nonsense, Truth, and Lewis Carroll*. (We understand the "Nonsense" and the "Lewis Carroll," but will withhold judgment on the "Truth.") Described as "part existential musical theater and part fantasy adventure story," it was created by Australian play-writing and composing team Martin Wesley-Smith and Peter Wesley-Smith (whose identical last names are either an extraordinary coincidence, or else not a coincidence at all). Co-presented by Caffeine Theatre and Chicago Opera Vanguard, the show ran from November 18 through December 19, 2010, at the Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs Storefront Theater. In conjunction with the show, Caffeine Theatre hosted "Old Father William's Frabjous and Curious Poetry Contest"; the winning poems were performed at the Lewis Carroll Coffeehouse in the Storefront Theater on November 29. Snarks were also hunted in New York at the Manhattan Repertory Theater's Fall Fest, September 16 through 19, in an adaptation by Katie Dickinson. That production of *The Hunting of the Snark* promised "all the zaniness one can anticipate from Carroll's world."

Atmos Theatre, a volunteer-run theater company in San Francisco,

CA, adapted *AAIW* for its ninth season of “Theatre in the Woods.” The show was performed as part of a guided hike through a redwood forest and ran every Saturday and Sunday in August and through September 19 in Woodside (a few cities south of San Francisco). The adaptation was written by Brian Markley and directed by Amy Clare Tasker.

An update on *Wonderland: The Musical*, from *Jekyll & Hyde* composer Frank Wildhorn: It’s coming to Broadway! After another run in Tampa Bay in January 2011, it will move to New York City, and start previews on March 21 at the Marquis Theatre. The “heartwarming and spectacular” (heartwacular?) new musical is about an adult modern-day Alice who journeys “to Wonderland and the Looking-Glass World where she must find her daughter, defeat the Queen and learn to follow her heart. . .”

The Yale Dramatic Association (Dramat) staged underclassman Oren Stevens’s new play *Phantom-wise*, which weaves together the life of Alice Liddell with her fictional adventures. It ran October 7–9 at the Yale Repertory Theatre. Apparently, it is only the second time in modern memory that Dramat has produced a student-written work, so, congratulations Mr. Stevens!

The first American production of Ron Nicol’s *Beware the Jabberwock* was at the Playhouse Children’s Theater Company in Belfast, ME, in April, and the work was subsequently staged at the Wean Performing Arts Center in Danbury, CT, in May. The nonsensically fun and whole-family-friendly play has been published by Baker’s Plays, a subsidiary of Samuel French, Inc.

❁
THINGS

www.delicious.com/lcsna/kl85+things
Bloomsbury Auctions generated a considerable amount of hype

around their sale of “the long-lost Wasp in the Wig letter” on May 27 this year, and it paid off handsomely: The letter sold for £51,240 (around \$81,800)—the world record for a Tenniel letter and well over double the £20,000 estimate. But who bought it?

If you weren’t the lucky bidder, you could craft your own more affordable Carrollian correspondence with Graphic 45’s “Halloween in Wonderland” paper collection. The paper designs feature “spooky” modifications of Tenniel’s illustrations, including becobwebbed mushrooms and Tweedle twins jack-o’-lanterns.

Prospero Art’s *AAIW* embossed collector’s tin is possibly the first tin ever to have its own promotional YouTube video. The limited edition tin is sold as a package either with two decks of *Alice* playing cards, a jigsaw puzzle, or both.

A husband-and-wife artistic duo, collectively known as Cart Before the Horse, creates “fine folk art” in the form of quirky hand-painted posable figurines. “Cirque du Wonderland,” a cool commission featured on their website, includes a Mad Hatter strongman lifting teapot dumbbells and a Cheshire Cat acrobat standing on its head (literally).

The Victorian Trading Company sells a variety of *AAIW*-themed Victoriana, including garden statues and jewelry. To this range they have added theater-quality costumes, including an elaborate Queen of Hearts gown, complete with hoop and tulle petticoat, and, for around \$250, “Alice’s Blue Dress,” a detailed replica of a Victorian girl’s dress, available in three adult sizes.

The Black Apple’s Paper Doll Primer by Emily Martin is a paperback book filled with paper dolls, paper clothes, and creative cut-and-play projects, including a paper theater. Alice is there too. (Potter Craft, ISBN 978-0307586568)

Toy maker Funko has added Alice, the Mad Hatter, the Cheshire Cat, and the White Rabbit to its range of Wacky Wobler bobble-heads. Remember to brake smoothly, or it really will be “off with their heads. . .” They also have a line of “Plush” soft toys, now including a button-eyed Alice, Mad Hatter, Cheshire Cat, and White Rabbit. All look acceptably cuddly and just a little creepy. Between \$9 and \$15 from Amazon.com.

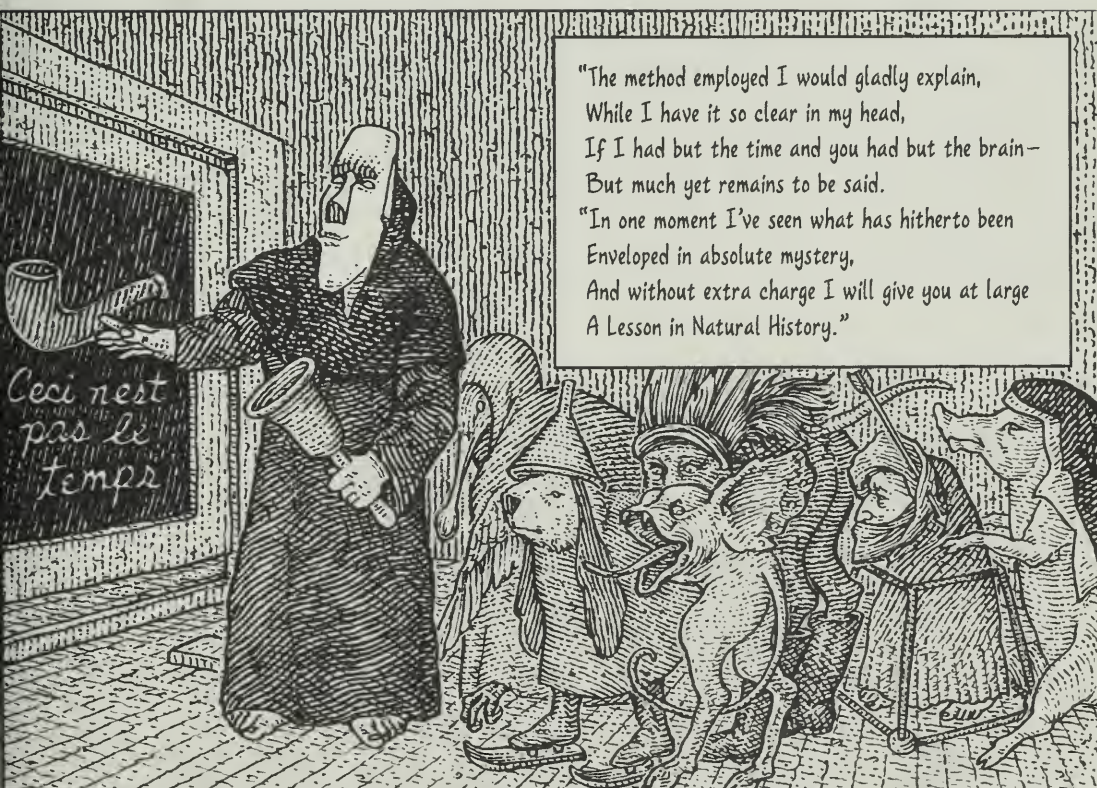
Dollmasters is an online treasury of artist-made toys for collectors and very, very good children. Recent additions to their catalog include two finely dressed Alice dolls, an “Alice and the Pink Flamingo” hanging ornament, and mechanical music boxes in which Tweedledum and Tweedledee dance to “Tea for Two” when wound with a little key.

Classico San Francisco has created a range of magnets, postcards, and mugs using Angel Dominguez’s watercolor illustrations for the 1996 Artisan edition of *AAIW* (available only through resellers).

Finally: Were you looking for a place to buy life-sized cardboard cutouts of Tim Burton’s Alice, Hatter, Red Queen, and the Tweedles? Try Advanced Graphics, “The Home of Cardboard People.”

Checkmate Chess Sets sell five *AAIW*-themed chess sets. The crushed marble and resin pieces are made in England but can be purchased in dollars online. \$157 and up.

Gump’s of San Francisco went all-out on Alice-related gifts in this year’s winter catalog. Two full pages of merchandise include Glass ornaments, puzzles, and sofa cushions.



Two extraordinary, and quite different, interpretations of "The Hunting of the Snark." Above: Thanks go to Oleg Lipchenko for a preview of his not yet published interpretation; some of his Wonderland illustrations can be seen in KL 80 (cover, article on pp. 16–19). Left: A sampling of Mahendra Singh's illustrations can also be seen in KL 81 (cover, pp. 4, 37), and his recent book is the subject of a review on p. 47.

